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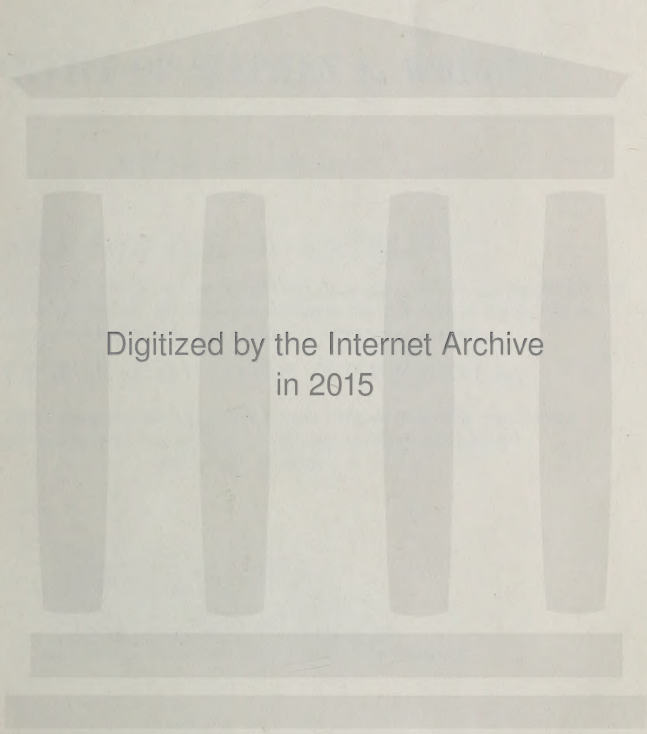
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D. P. Walden
Jan 2. 1845

NARRATIVE AND RECOLLECTIONS

OF

VAN DIEMAN'S LAND,

DURING A THREE YEARS'

CAPTIVITY OF STEPHEN S. WRIGHT;

TOGETHER WITH AN ACCOUNT OF

THE BATTLE OF PRESCOTT,

IN WHICH HE WAS TAKEN PRISONER; HIS IMPRISONMENT IN CANADA; TRIAL, CONDEMNATION AND TRANSPORTATION TO AUSTRALIA; HIS TERRIBLE SUFFERINGS IN THE BRITISH PENAL COLONY OF VAN DIEMAN'S LAND; AND RETURN TO THE UNITED STATES:

WITH A COPIOUS APPENDIX,

EMBRACING FACTS AND DOCUMENTS RELATING TO THE PATRIOT WAR, NOW FIRST GIVEN TO THE PUBLIC, FROM THE ORIGINAL NOTES AND PAPERS OF MR. WRIGHT, AND OTHER SOURCES.

"Eternal Spirit of the chainless mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art,
For there thy habitation is the heart—
The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd—
To fetters and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings in every wind."—BYRON.

BY CALEB LYON, OF LYONSDALE.

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DEDICATION.

I INSCRIBE these pages to the friends of Canadian liberty, in the faint hope that I may render justice to the deserving, and give, so far as my experience extends, a candid statement to the public. Years have passed since many of the events herein described transpired, yet the statements are made, as nearly as I can recollect, as they occurred. My mind was early stirred up and my sympathies excited, in favor of a people who I had supposed groaned under oppression, (see note 3rd) but grossly was I deceived, and that too by the very men who hope by their silence to conceal the contemptible part which they played in the Prescott Tragedy. The constant call for statements in regard to my sufferings, induces me to venture upon this publication, and the hundreds who welcomed me home fully demonstrated the necessity of my taking this course ;—being no speaker, I thought this way would be preferable to any other, of communicating my narrative to the public. If, in the bitterness of my heart, I should censure some of the leading men who caused our defeat, disgrace, and degradation, I hope the reader will place himself in my situation, and then cover with the cloak of charity all that he may read amiss. Five years have passed since I last set foot upon my native land, and my love is not only green and fresh as ever, but increased ten-fold by my contact with oppression. And I yet think, when the crushing despotism of Victoria Cobourg shall have created soldiers as well as " Sons of Liberty," upon their oppressed soil, then, and not till then, can she be free—and before the people of the United States again lend their aid, they will have to be convinced that there is something more in their patriotism than a *name!* While American sympathy extended to suffering and lacerated Poland, all joined with a liberal hand to shed what blessings they could upon the children of those victims of despotism who fell upon the beleaguered battlements of Warsaw, or were inhumanly massacred within its walls ; help, sympathy, and kindness from America rendered their lot less unhappy, and concealed in a measure the bitterness of their

exile. They found peace and a home upon her shores. When Greece tore the crescent from her standard, a Bozzaris and a Byron were ready to yield up their lives in her defence; and had not success sanctified the cause of American Independence, Washington, Lafayette, Franklin, and the elder Adams would have graced a gibbet within the Tower of London. And are the Canadian Patriots less the martyrs of liberty because victory perched not upon their banner? are they to be branded as foreign assassins, free-booters, pirates, brigands and bucaneers, Yankee cut-throats, &c., and go down to posterity with the reputation of Bedouin Arabs, and not feel the brands that have been searing their reputation from venal presses and despotic aristocrats? No! the motives of those who fought at the battle of Prescott were pure and noble, and to save the memories of the dead from cruel aspersions, and to gratify the living, this feeble effort is made to place in a *true light* many of the actors of the Canadian Revolution.

WRIGHT'S NARRATIVE.

CHAPTER I.

Left Sackets Harbor—Landed at Windmill Point (near Prescott)—Battle of Prescott—Death of Charles West, Nelson Butterfield, and Charles E. Brown—Unkindness of the cowards—Our surrender—Lives saved by the 83rd Regiment—Route from Prescott to Fort Henry.

On the evening of the 10th of November 1838, we left Sackets Harbor, about four hundred in number, on board the steamboat "United States," and proceeded down the river. A Mr. Pendigrasse, (one of the officious emissaries of Canada,) told us that the Upper Province could be taken without the discharge of a gun, and that thousands of the people of the frontier were ready, and would join us as soon as the standard of liberty had been raised upon her shackled soil. Twenty-four hours was all he wished to raise one thousand fighting men, who were willing to yield up their lives in defence of that glorious principle, that "*all men are born free and equal.*" Our leaders proved themselves utterly unequal to the task of directing or guiding the men under their control, and it is a startling fact, that previous to our leaving the Harbor, they knew not where we were to land, or to what particular point we were bound. This inability on their part produced confusion; and ultimately resulted in the ruin of those whose confidence had been won, and whose sympathy for the Canadians had been elicited by the falsehoods of emissaries from secret lodges, &c., and were thus led to volunteer their efforts to achieve the emancipation of an oppressed people, under the guidance of men who lacked both the energy and *common sense* necessary for success. But I then thought, with the rest of my verdant friends and comrades, that our first dispatch would have been like the great Roman's, "Veni, vidi, vici," and not until the open desertion of our cause by that trinity of cowards, Birge, King and Estis, together with Bill Johnson, and their followers;—and the bloody days of the 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, and 16th of November, and the hospital of Kingston, and the dark prison of Fort Henry, were we all brought to our senses. The flag under which we were to fight was now displayed for the first time; it bore upon its face the device of an eagle and twin stars upon a ground of blue; all hailed it with cheers. (I have since seen the same standard as a trophy of victory in the Armory of the Tower of London. Being a Yankee, I took the liberty of

guessing that there was not another trophy in the room which was contended for with greater spirit than that same Prescott flag.) It was dark before we reached Millen's Bay, having stopped at Cape Vincent to take on board several Patriots, and when near Millen's Bay, we took in tow two schooners, freighted with arms and munitions of war and men, increasing our number to one thousand. Even here our leaders were disappointed, as they expected a still greater reinforcement.

On Monday morning the 11th, we came in sight of Prescott; here the schooners were cut loose from the steamboat, and I embarked in one of them. Near Prescott they both ran aground—the schooner in which I was got clear and proceeded to Windmill Point, where we landed. Windmill Point is situated upon an elevated spot of ground on the brink of the St. Lawrence, about one mile and a half below Prescott. The walls of the mill being shot proof, we made it our stand, and upon its summit floated our blue standard. The evening of the 11th was spent in making arrangements for the morrow; the schooner, which was aground in the morning, now proceeded to land her arms and munitions, but the greater part of the balls and other necessaries were left amid the confusion which prevailed. All our general officers had deceived us save Colonels Von Schoultz, Woodruff, and Abbey, who at first held but minor situations. After a deliberate consultation we elected Von Schoultz to the post of commander-in-chief of our Patriot army, which had dwindled down from one thousand to two hundred souls; many of the soldiers, following the example of their superiors, had deserted us, and were talking (with their *extinguished* officers) bravely and gallantly in the streets of Ogdensburg.

The gentleman who now had command was brave and daring to a fault, and equal to any emergency. His height was five feet eleven; with firm and graceful limbs, with a well-bred gentleness in his manners, and an eye which blazed in its own liquid light. It was very rarely he smiled, but when he did it was as sunshine through prison-bars; with a kind heart and as noble a soul as ever was found in fetters of clay, he was one whose very faults "leaned toward virtue's side." Our Spartan band consisted of two hundred men, for as the dross flees from gold by fire, so the craven in soul and cowards in heart fled from the support of the cause of liberty in its hour of danger, even before the defence was commenced; and the blood of those who fell, yet dye the garments of the false-hearted cowards that I have already mentioned. About midnight, Bill Johnson came over in an open boat and informed us that five hundred men would join us before daylight. He was a messenger from those who not only had deserted us, but now wished to beguile by hopes that they too well knew would never be realized. This night no eye was closed, no hand was idle, and no heart was faint; all was hurry, bustle, and confusion—all anxiety and expectation. In view of the expected reinforcement, we took possession of three stone out-buildings, weakening our force within the mill. The sun rose clear and cloudless—not one breath dimpled the waves of the St. Lawrence, and above it curled a silver veil

of mist as incense to the sky. Von Schoultz hailed the dawn as a good omen of the glorious sun-burst of Canadian liberty, but many an eye which gazed that morning upon the resplendent orb of light, ere night had closed for ever. At nine o'clock A. M., three British steamboats came down from Prescott, anchoring opposite the mill, and opened a fire of balls and bomb-shells; at the same time, fifteen hundred of the Canadian militia and regulars made their appearance, the 83rd regiment occupying the centre and the militia forming the right and left wings. They were formed three deep when in line of battle. We formed likewise a line of battle, each man spreading from two to three yards apart, so as to cover their front, protected on three sides by walls and stone builings and the river, whose steep banks prevented the shot and shells thrown by the enemy's marine from doing us any mischief, which passed above our heads and created death and disaster among their own land forces. Before the engagement commenced, a six-pounder was placed between the mill and one of the stone out-buildings, but so placed that in case of a retreat it would receive, if attempted to be taken, a raking fire from four different points; and would also serve as a decoy in case of an emergency. Our orders were not to fire a gun until we had received an assault from the British, under any circumstances. As the enemy advanced, their bugles sounded, and when within about twenty rods they halted, and fired by platoons. We returned their fire, and fought for three hours and ten minutes without cessation. The Canadian militia retreated, and left the centre of their line supported by the 83rd regiment (which fought fiercely and bravely) alone, but finding our hail-storm bullets a little too effective for their use, they soon followed suit, and retreated behind the rising ground that fronts the mill, leaving us in fair possession of the field. We followed up the retreat a short distance, but finding that the enemy wished to flank us, we advanced no farther, as our case would have been hopeless had we been cut off from the mill and stone out-buildings, which proved our only bulwarks of safety. Losing some thirteen men, we retreated to the mill and made it our strong-hold, fortifying it as well as we could with our three field-pieces; but judge of our surprise and desperate condition, when we found that there was not a solitary ball left to load our guns, rendering them next to useless.

During the engagement, I looked often toward the shores of Liberty, and saw thousands thronging the beach at Ogdensburgh, whose faint cheers reached us across the wave; and it embittered our hearts to know and feel, that they whose tongues could beguile so successfully had not the moral courage to aid us in the hour of trial. We loaded our guns with pieces of broken iron, butts and screws, that we tore from the doors and fixtures of the mill. No sooner had we retreated, than the British, encouraged by the sight of a vacant field, rallied, and attempted to take our strong-hold by storm. In that assault the writer received a wound in his left arm by a musket-ball, and his friend, Charles West,

was shot through the body. His wound was fatal; but to the last moment he tore cartridges for his comrades,—the blood, at every exertion, gushing from his heart, and bathing his hands with its sanguine stain. Yet to the last he bore up nobly—no sigh escaped him.

"He died amid the battle's broil,
A time that heeds nor pain nor toil;"

and his last breath was spent in cheering us to our duty. A braver youth never lived—a truer heart never was hushed in the sleep of death; and his grave is now trod on by the feet of tyrants, and his memory is "unwept, unhonored, and unsung." During the engagement, George Butterfield was wounded in one of the out-buildings, and borne to the windmill, where he lived till evening. He was mild and gentle in his manners; but when the battle commenced he was brave as a tiger, discharging his duty faithfully. In fact, he was the "Ney" of the battle of Prescott—"bravest among the brave." His dying words were, "My poor dear mother! I fear her heart will break when she knows that I am dead." Then for a moment his words were incoherent, and the names of kindred hung upon his lips; and in the next, his soul was disentangled from the net of clay, and was before its God. In the morning's engagement, there was an incident transpired worthy of remark. A matron, with a daughter of seventeen and a babe of six months old, whose husband had left her during the battle, seeing that the British outnumbered the Patriots by many hundreds, started with her children to join and claim protection of the loyalist army. (It must be remembered that she was one of those who resided in the out-buildings that we had taken possession of.) When we saw the little family on their way, our commandant gave orders not to fire in that direction. His orders were strictly obeyed. Yet when she had arrived within ten rods of the loyalists' line, a shot was fired, which broke the jaw of the daughter, and another pierced herself and her child to the heart, and both found an untimely grave upon the field of battle;—the dead child clasped in the arms of its dying mother, a metaphor of that affection which is stronger than death. And this murder was committed by the very men who boast of being governed by a woman! Oh! shame, where is thy blush! Humanity recoils from the recital of such cold-blooded massacres of the innocent. I would here contradict a report which has been circulated, regarding Charles E. Brown's being burned alive in one of the out-buildings after having been previously wounded. He was shot through the head, and died instantly, without a groan,—falling within a few feet of the spot where I stood. During the assault, Lieut. Johnson, of the 83rd Regiment, with about thirty men, undertook to seize our decoy cannon, and when within a few paces, was shot down by our riflemen, his party abandoning the expedition after his death. One of our soldiers stole his coat and cap, and escaped through the British camp. Passing himself off as an officer, he reached in safety the American shore. This was all the indignity which

his body received at our hands; and it would have been taken from the field, but for the constant fire kept up from a barn in the vicinity;—yet it must be remembered, that our own dead were unburied. At night we received a visit from Ogdensburgh, from the cowards who came over to bring their golden promises of men and ammunition. But Von Schoultz did not relish their encouragements. He entreated that they would be *men enough* to send a boat to remove the wounded, which numbered about twenty-eight, and we had no necessaries for dressing their wounds or ministering to their wants. We now became very suspicious of the designs of the false patriots. When they left us, they promised that before daylight all the wounded should be removed, and that we had best convey them to the shore, where it would take them less time to carry them to the steamboat. As soon as the gentlemen left, the wounded were taken to the shore of the river, where they lay, 'mid storm and snow, for seven tedious hours, waiting for the promised succor; and deep and bitter were the imprecations bestowed upon those who were now regardless of their promises, or the pain and sufferings of the wounded, and came not to their aid 'mid the dark vigils of that night of agony. Where were Birge, Estis, Johnson, Pendigrasse, and King? Let them answer. One of our men had swum the river, when the frost glassed the pebbles of the shore and the wind blew bleak and freezing; yet in return, we received, instead of help, their rotten and faithless promises. This night was lonely—perhaps the loneliest that it ever will be my lot to experience: the wind whistled shrilly through the arms of the old mill, blending with the groans of the stricken and the dying, who lay shelterless in the night's wild storm. Our flag flapped like the wings of a raven above our heads—

> "Few and short were the prayers we said,
> We spoke not a word of sorrow,
> But steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
> And we bitterly thought on the morrow."

It is generally estimated, that in the battle of Prescott the British lost from four to six hundred men. I distinctly recollect seeing from the top of the mill, a vehicle drawn by four horses, engaged in collecting the enemies' dead during the engagement. There must have been about two hundred wounded. Our loss was thirteen killed, and twenty-eight wounded. The morning of the fourteenth dawned in snow and rain—but few slept—all were wearied, and many were disheartened. There lay the broad, beautiful St. Lawrence, and beyond it the land of the free—how we longed to see our wounded beyond its waters. The field before us was studded with the bodies of the dead. Some lay with their eyes turned to heaven, with an imploring gaze—others had a mild benignant smile upon their marble faces; the crimson coats were dyed a deeper color in blood, and the snow drifted beside their bodies, covering them as with a shroud, while their only dirge was the beating of the waves against the rock-bound shore. A mist curtained the sun—and mist gathered in the eyes of many of our comrades, as we thought of the weeping mothers, the

agonized sisters, and the heart-broken wives, that had been made in the short space of a single day. (See Note 1st.) Now and then a shot was exchanged, and then all relapsed into silence. We felt how hopeless was our situation, but there was no whining, and no regrets, and in case we were put to the sword, we all had resolved to die like men. Von Shoultz, Abbey, George, and Woodruff, bore themselves with a manly, undeviating fortitude, worthy of a *better cause*. The afternoon of the battle five of our party left us in an open boat, for the purpose of procuring military stores, that we stood greatly in need of. George having the command, they were fired upon by two British soldiers, which alarmed one of the armed steamers up the river, and the Cobourg started in pursuit. They were not wounded by the swivels or small arms, yet when taken from the boat, it was riddled by the shot and about sinking. They were taken near the American shore, stripped almost naked, and thrust into the forecastle, amid jeers and insults. During the night of the fourteenth, the Canadian militia, like so many harpies, tore from the dead bodies all their clothing, ravaging the field in darkness in search of every kind of plunder; and these were the men that we came to fight for, and to succor from the galling yoke of the tyrant! "They who would be free, must learn themselves to strike the blow;" and until that *time arrives*, they can never receive that boon, priceless above all others, of liberty. On the night of the fifteenth, we were surprised by a visit from Preston King and others. He came in the steamboat Paul Pry, within about twenty-five rods of the shore. He landed in a small boat, accompanied by two or three of the *extinguished* officers from Ogdensburgh. Von Schoultz now expected that help had arrived to remove the wounded to a place of safety. The river was clear from all crafts, and it appeared that now was our chance, if ever, to escape. (See Note 2nd.) Von Schoultz told King, that he did not believe there were twenty men who would come to our assistance from the American shore. King then promised fairly that he would return to the Paul Pry, and carry the wounded to a place of safety. Von Schoultz then said, that he would try and make a retreat down the river. King acted confusedly, staid about five minutes, and then departed; and instead of fulfilling his promise, he got aboard the Paul Pry, and fled back to the American shore as fast as the steamer could carry him, and then circulated the falsehoods among his friends which are now contradicted. Had it not have been for his duplicity and cowardice, we should all have been saved from years of exile, and many from death. (See Note 4th, for the reports circulated by him regarding us.) We were all anxious to leave the mill, and had it not been for the wounded, we should have commenced a night march. Our commander told us that without aid our cause was lost. Our fortunes grew desperate; the last glimmer of hope went out; the days and nights passed dreamily away. On the seventeenth, a flag of truce was sent out for the collection of the dead, which truce lasted for two hours. We collected the dead, but had not time to bury them. While on the field, I heard a

Canadian officer state to Von Schoultz, that had we made good our stand with five hundred men, he would have joined us with three hundred; but as it was, he was obliged to fight us with five hundred. About sunset, four steamboats well armed lay beside us in the river, and two thousand five hundred men in our front. Without ammunition, betrayed, deserted and disheartened, we sent a flag of truce forth to the British host, as their bugle rang for their first charge. Our flag was borne by four patriots, and was fired at, wounding one man: they then returned. What a beautiful instance of Canadian magnanimity, to shoot down unarmed men! We now fortified our stand as well as we could, loaded our guns, and made ready for a most desperate resistance;—but judge of our surprise, when the bugle again sounded, the loyalist army advanced to within thirty rods, and halted; and from the centre Col. Dundas sent a flag, summoning us to surrender at his discretion, and refusing to treat with us upon other terms. We then came into council, and saw that it was in vain to resist, and Von Schoultz said, that "not for himself would he surrender, but for the sake of those brave young men, who had become the dupes of the designing, and in the faint hope of saving their lives from the unequal conflict." We then disarmed, and marched out, defiling between the soldiers of the 83rd, who were formed on each side of us. We may well thank them for our lives, for I verily believe the ferocious militia would have torn us in pieces, had it not been for their timely protection. They then set fire to the out-buildings, and Von Schoultz, who had escaped through the back door of the mill, and concealed himself with two men, named Thomas and Wright, beneath some cedar shrubs upon the shore, was taken by the militia, and treated in a most inhuman and brutal manner. They stripped from him nearly every vestige of clothing, and marched him to Prescott, almost naked, during the inclemency of a Canadian autumn, amid jeers, scoffs, insults and reproaches almost beyond description. The militia resembled ravenous fiends more than decent Christian men. Thomas was treated in a like manner; but Wright, for some slight resistance, was stabbed with a dozen bayonets, and died without a cry for mercy.

During our march to Prescott, the band of the 83rd, as if to aggravate our feelings, played our National Air, "Yankee Doodle." Every tone striking upon our ears, made us feel doubly our desolate condition, and stripped of our clothing and jaded out, we reached Prescott. The village was brightly illuminated in honor of a British victory—gained by twenty-five hundred militia and regulars, with fifteen field-pieces perfectly armed and ammunitioned, with two gun-boats and four steamers well supplied with marines, over one hundred and eighty-four boys and men, without a ball to load a field-piece, and with miserable arms and equipments. The author has wondered that Col. Dundas was not knighted by the queen for his gallantry in this very *equal contest*, as he considers him equally deserving with Sir Allan McNab. After having been buffetted and spit upon by the Prescott mob, we were then crowded with all our wounded

in the forecastle of the steamer Brockville, where we were confined in so small a space that we could neither sit nor lie down; and, like their Black Hole in Calcutta, we doubted not that they wished to smother us to save the trouble of a court-martial. On Saturday we reached Kingston. During the night, some meat was fed to us as if we had been dogs in a kennel. Many of the wounded fainted, and we thought that they would never again recover. Our hands were tied behind us—the healthiness of the air was completely destroyed by the large number of lungs exhausting it. At Kingston, the able men were sent to Fort Henry, and the wounded placed in a hospital, where, in a damp, fireless room, we lay without any attention till Tuesday. My bones ached with pain upon the hard floor; and what the others must have suffered, whose wounds were worse than mine, the imagination can only conceive.

CHAPTER II.

Deaths of Von Schoultz, Abbey, George and Woodruff—Chitman and Graves, Traitors—Our Trial—Sober thoughts—Sir Allan McNab—Captain Drew—Sir George Arthur—July 4th, in a British Prison—Removed from Fort Henry to Quebec.

On Tuesday, our wounds were dressed, and we were removed to the lower story of the same building. During the week, two of our comrades died, viz: Wheelock and Bromly. Our diet was oat-meal and a small allowance of milk. Every day we received visits from the officers of the Canadian militia, using very ungentlemanly language and taunting threats—telling the surgeon to cure us as soon as possible—that it would be a shame to hang *sick men*. I lay in the hospital for ten days—in the jail three, and was then taken to Fort Henry. I was placed in a room with about forty of our comrades. Here I met with our commander: he greeted me warmly through the prison grates. My handcuffs were removed, and I was at liberty once more to use my limbs. As soon as an opportunity offered, Von Schoultz inquired kindly after the wounded and expressed a deep concern in regard to our fate. On the 3rd of Dec. he was tried—on the 6th his death warrant was read to him—and on the 8th he was executed. His whole bearing and conduct were noble, unstained by a single act of weakness. Ever regardless of his own sufferings, he zealously tried to render his companions in arms every service in his power. Words of kindness flowed from his lips, and with a voice whose melody was mild and free as the birds of the wilderness, he cheered the darkest and the loneliest hour of our bondage.

A few days previous to his death, he penned the following song, which he called the "Maiden's Answer." It displays no ordinary poetic talent, and refers, doubtless, to a very beautiful and accomplished American lady of Salina, to whom he had been betrothed, and whose miniature was torn from his neck by the vile mob at Prescott. It was the last earthly

bauble to which his heart clung; the shadow of that being whom he loved more than all the world besides. He sung it with a thrilling yet plaintive voice, and when he finished, he remarked, with a melancholy smile—"It is the last song I shall ever write."

You own I am constant, yet tell me I'm cold,
And must I my youth's early sorrows unfold?
Must I wake to remember the joys which are fled,
Now hope is extinguished and passion is dead?
I have lost in youth's morn all that life can endear,
And though I seem cheerful, I smile through a tear.

My parents, though humble, are happy and good,
We could boast of our honor, if not of our blood;
My lover—oh! how the sad tale shall I tell!
For Poland he fought, and for freedom he fell;
He was noble and brave—to my soul he was dear,
His fame claims a smile, though it shines through a tear.

In vain would I picture my agonized heart,
My parents oft soothe, yet no balm can impart—
They wept o'er the child—they could not relieve,
And the cold hand of death left me early to grieve:
They sleep in the grave—the loved and the dear,
Yet though I seem happy, I smile through a tear.

Von Schoultz was an elegant scholar—a good military engineer—and spoke several languages with great fluency. His father was a general in the glorious Polish liberating army, and he fell, covered with wounds, beneath the towers of Warsaw. His son attained the rank of colonel under Napoleon, and had been a resident in America for several years. No man was ever more beloved by his companions in arms, or possessed more the power of fascinating his enemies, who implored his life from that cold-blooded villain,—Sir George Arthur. Yet, like every other boon of mercy, he refused to grant it. His last parting with us was extremely touching. He had a kind word for each—he exhorted us to die like men. He received the supreme consolations of religion, and died in a firm hope of heaven. When leaving prison, he shook hands with the officers of the 83rd, whose friendship he had won by his noble traits of character; and not a dry eye was among them. They had exerted themselves warmly in his behalf; but the reply of the governor was, that "he would hang Von Schoultz; for he deserved death, if no other one was executed." Supplication was useless; and he prepared fearlessly to meet his fate. He marched with a firm step to the gibbet. There he presented his confessor with his golden snuff-box, which had been restored to him in prison; and adjusting the rope upon his neck, his spirit was severed from its clay tenement, for a home in heaven. But his dying legacy to us was, that he had been deceived by the false patriots at the "battle of Prescott," and he wished that their conduct should be exposed to the world. (See note 5th.) Thus perished Niles Guslaf Scholtewiskii Von Schoultz, a victim upon the altar of liberty.

There was a double loneliness in prison when we came to know and feel that he was dead—though dead to the world, his memory is embalmed in a hundred erring hearts, and the strange spell that he wound around

our affections—death alone can break! The only traitors willing to save their lives by turning queen's evidence, were Chitman and Graves, who appeared against Abbey and George; but the most of the testimony was taken in private. Both these men received a full pardon for their perfidy the day after Von Schoultz's execution. Abbey and George passed our grates for the condemned cells. Abbey's brow was very pale and care-worn; he looked but little as he did when he cheered us on at the windmill, with a flushed face and a speaking eye—there was a wild enthusiasm about him, which made us look upon him with more of pride for his reckless bravery, than real personal love. He died a martyr's death, displaying an extraordinary fortitude for one of his nervous temperament. He left three orphan children to mourn his untimely death, (see Note 6th.) None but the blood-hound Arthur, and his satellites, rejoiced in his demise. Poor George was almost completely unmanned; his dear wife had made application to spend an hour with him, but was refused, and this inhuman answer was made to her entreaties—"You can see him when dead, but not before!" The thought of his wife's being so near him added a poignancy to his grief, and though his step was feeble, his heart was firm as he approached the grave. His dying prayer was that the Lord would reward those, according to their works, whose dupe he had been; and whose life had been yielded up an offering to that Moloch of the Canadian Revolution—"*false sympathy.*" His corpse was delivered to his heart-broken wife, whose sorrows none can soothe save death, that healer of all afflictions. About this time I received a visit from my dear father—he was the second person permitted to see the prisoners since our capture—and sweet was that interview. The sheriff refused my father the privilege of praying with any of the prisoners, and that (without regard to his age or occupation as a clergyman) in a most insulting manner; he however permitted him to leave me a New Testament. During his stay, he exhorted the Helper of the weak to look down in mercy upon us amid our sore afflictions; he told us of Paul and Silas in the cell at Philipi, and of Peter, whom the angel of the Lord liberated from prison; and though every description of persons were gathered together—the licentious, the profligate, the vile and the profane, all came around and listened to him as one from the dead, (for the world was in truth dead to us,) and he was a messenger from the bright earth and blue sky, and our hearts were cheered in this dark hour of our affliction, expecting daily our trials and death, as we had no hope of any other fate reserved for us. And now he departed, and all was gloom and dark forebodings of the future. The interview seemed not over ten minutes, though it lasted a full hour; and we were many in our misery and desolation, incarcerated in the leprous dungeons of Fort Henry. On the morning of the 19th of December, Woodruff was executed. He met his death coolly and quietly—just as he had fought—no timid fear—no soul-sickness and dread; but with an eagle eye and a lion heart. He fought with invincible courage, and contributed largely to the Prescott victory; but

now his death-day came, "sic transit gloria mundi," (see Note 7th.) My trial came on the 22nd. The following is the charge that was preferred against me :

"For the said Stephen S. Wright, on the 12th day of November, and on divers other days between that day and the sixteenth day of November, in the second year of the reign of our Sovereign Lady Victoria, by the grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Queen, defender of the faith, with forces and arms, at the township of Augusta, in the District of Johnstown and Province of Upper Canada, being a citizen of a foreign State at peace with the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, that is to say the United States of America, having joined himself to several subjects of our said Lady the Queen, who were there, and there unlawfully and traitorously in arms against our said Lady the Queen, the said Stephen S. Wright, with the said subjects of her said majesty, so unlawfully and traitorously in arms as aforesaid, did then and there, armed with guns and bayonets and other warlike weapons, feloniously kill and slay divers of her said Majesty's loyal subjects, contrary to the statute in such cases made and provided, and against the peace of our said Lady the Queen, her Crown and dignity. You are hereby notified that the foregoing is a copy of the charge preferred against you, and upon which you will be tried before the Militia General Court-Martial, assembled at Fort Henry, in the Midland District, on Monday, the 22nd of December, 1838. You will forward to me the names of any witnesses you desire to have summoned for your defence. Dated the 21st day of December, 1838.

"(Signed) WM. H. DRAPER,
"*Advocate General.*"

On the 22nd of December we were tried, twelve in number: but a few hours before, we had received a copy of the above charge, and we had no time to procure witnesses, and we were denied an adjournment for that purpose. Our plea was "Not Guilty." I told the Judge Advocate, George Draper, that I thought it was unjust to be tried for our lives and not be allowed time to procure witnesses. He answered "that they would do no good," and I thought he was angry at my remark. I then said "the proceedings of the court-martial are more like condemning than trying the prisoners." At which he started up, and called me an insolent impertinent scoundrel, and he then proceeded to business. We were all tried and convicted, including the examination of one witness, in twenty-eight minutes, in a very summary manner. What a noble specimen of justice toward Americans in Canada. When the murderer, McLeod, was tried, every indulgence was allowed—adjournments, witnesses, and the most talented counsel in the Empire State; but when we poor dupes were tried, no personal or national protection was extended to us, and no noise was made when each received his sentence (after a deliberation of two minutes) of death: and yet we massacred not the defenceless, we destroyed not their property, and we never sent *living men* on

board a burning boat into a "hell of waters:" yet the chains of the convict and the tears of the exile were ours. We returned from the court-martial condemned; dark and gloomy were our forebodings, and the days passed in dreamy suspense. On the fourth of January, 1839, Buckley, Lawton, Phelps and Anderson, were dragged to the gibbet. Poor Anderson was so ill that they were obliged to support him upon the scaffold. If they had taken the best care of him, he would doubtless have died in a few weeks; but then the inhuman monsters would have lost the shedding of his patriotic blood, which gave them sensible satisfaction, as upon the evening after these barbarous murders, Col. Dundas enjoyed a pleasure party together with his officers. "Oh, death! where is thy sting! oh, grave! where is thy victory!" when called to die in so glorious a cause as human liberty. (See Note 10th.) Every one now expected that his turn would come next. Mercy had fled—it was a reign of terror in our hearts. The last that were executed, had been convicted by the information elicited by spies who had been sent among them. Days, weeks and months passed in the still monotony of prison life, and I doubt not that it was through the very great exertion of our friends, that our sentence was commuted from death to perpetual banishment. About this time my father and mother arrived in Kingston, for the purpose of seeing me for the last time. My poor mother visited me, but my aged father was not permitted to view with her their erring child, whom misfortune had rendered doubly dear; and many years passed before I was again permitted to gaze upon the face of that beloved parent. Through my tears I saw her depart, and I could not believe that we had met on earth for the last time. We were now dishonored by a visit from Sir Allen McNab and Captain Drew, (see Note 8th.) The former was a tall, imperious, insolent-looking man, whose manners were course and vulgar, and whose language was brutal in the extreme; and this was the man who, with Col. Prince, ordered twenty-four prisoners of war to be shot down at Windsor in cold blood, (see Note 9th) whose bodies were exposed to every indignity, and many of them eaten by the loathsome swine. The soul recoils from the recital of such horrid deeds of barbarity in a Christian land. He now came to taunt us with his beastly slang, which his low-lived, half-drunken companion seemed to relish very highly. He asked us if we did not wish to murder him, as we had Lieut. Johnson at the windmill. "You d—d vile Yankee pirates, you ought to be hung; if it was in my power, the d—l should have you before sunset;" at which his companion showed his teeth in an applauding grin. They resembled the "sans culottes" of the French Revolution. Their visit lasted about half an hour, and every day the lower officers would come to spend an hour in gloating over our captivity, and glorying in our misfortune. The next visit of importance which we received was from Sir George Arthur, ex-Governor of Van Dieman's Land, and suite. He was the bloody Robespiere of the Canadian Revolution. His face was rather expressionless and of a dull withered color, and his form was rather undersize; but his eye gleamed from beneath its heavy brush with

the ferocity of a blood-hound breaking covert. Not an indication of the milk of human kindness shone forth in any of his actions. His conduct would have done honor to any convict or blackguard who had been elevated to his situation. Instead of consoling us in our misfortune, he made us feel the bitterness of our captivity, calling us bucaneers, pirates and ruffians; and that if we were not hung we should be life-slaves, and that we might take his word for it, interlarding his conversation with horrid imprecations; and he appeared to gloat over our misery with the joy of a fiend incarnate. We all felt relieved when he departed, and we surmised that something was to be done with us besides death, for his actions seemed like those of a starving tiger, from whose mouth some precious morsel had been torn by a higher power, and his reproaches, the growlings of the infuriated animal; and we all thought it was hard enough to be shut out from the balmy air and confined in a vermin-infected den, with loathsome food, without being subjected to the upbraidings of the minions of England's crown. Our allowance was half a pound of miserable meat, and one pound of bread of the coarsest and mustiest flour, and filled with filth that delicacy forbids to mention. No means were given us to eat or cook but a box stove, and twenty in each room. Thanks to the good people of Jefferson county, we were furnished with the means to procure comfortable clothes. The rooms were illy ventilated, and incrusted with the dreadfullest vermin that ever fed upon flesh of man. All the beautiful spring passed away, and we tasted none of its exhilarating effects. But when July fourth came, and we thought of the thousand crowded churches in the land of the free, where millions of happy hearts were bringing meet offerings to that liberty whose claims we advocated at the sword's point, and for which we received a dungeon in this British Bastile as our reward; we sang "Hail Columbia, happy land," and our hearts fluttered as in spirit we visited our thrice dear kindred and our native shores.

CHAPTER III.

Depart from Fort Henry—Arrive at Quebec via Montreal—The forged Letter—The Captain sails under sealed orders—Asa Priest's death and burial—Rio Janeiro—Arrival at Hobart Town—Descriptions taken—Our hard fate.

On the 22nd of September, 1839, we left Kingston on board a canal-boat. We were loaded with chains, escorted by the 83rd Regiment, not knowing whither we were going or what was to be our fate. We were eighty-one in number, including the Windsor prisoners. We arrived at Montreal on the second day, and were removed to the steamboat King William, and on the 26th we were again removed to the ship Buffalo that was lying off Quebec. As we stood upon the deck I gazed forth upon that impregnable fortress, the Gibraltar of America, for the first time. I thought of our brave countryman, Montgomery, who fell fighting with unparalleled

courage upon the battlements of the citadel; and of Wolfe, the ambitious and chivalrous Briton, who sank to sleep in the arms of victory upon the Plains of Abraham; and of Montcalm, the generous and daring, whose grave was scooped out by the shell which destroyed his life. And could Wolfe's bones repose beneath that white pyramid, which rose amid the rocks and trees so pure and bright, and see his blood-bought citadel in the hands of tyrants?—the degenerate sons of once noble ancestors! About this time the following *forged* letter was received by my parents, indited, doubtless, by some of the creatures of Sir George Arthur—so that they in fact knew whither we were bound long before the news reached me, as our captain sailed under sealed orders.

"QUEBEC, 26th September.

"*My dear Father, Mother, Brothers and Sisters* :—We are to go on board the ship Buffalo this evening for New South Wales—we expect that we are to sail immediately. I hope that none of you will mourn for me. I am in good health and spirits, considering my hard fate; yet I feel thankful to the wise Disposer of events, who has enabled me to bear up under the trials I have undergone. In him I put my trust, and have hope that he will watch over me, and that I yet may return to my relations in my native land. God bless you—farewell.

"Yours, most affectionately,

"S. S. WRIGHT."

Our captain was a kind, humane man: when his orders were opened, we found that we were bound for Van Dieman's Land direct. We had rather an unpleasant storm while in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, but we were kept close in the hold until upon the broad ocean. Our ship's crew consisted of fifty-seven Lower Canadians and eighty-one from the Upper Province, and one hundred and thirty sailors, soldiers and marines. For the first time we realized that we were upon the glorious sea, that has been so well sung by Proctor:

"The wide, the blue, the ever free—
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round.
It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled creature lies."

It was a glorious sight to gaze upon the vast expanse of bright blue waters, reflecting heaven in their depths, and catch the soft balmy breezes from the tropics (for only on fair days we were permitted the luxury of being on deck, and then only twenty-four at once, when all the soldiers and marines kept a good look-out, forming a complete guard around us,) and watch the stormy petrel, that bird of the waters, upon our lee—and catch the glimpse of a snowy sail far away in the dim perspective of the distance.

After being at sea about five weeks, there was a conspiracy formed to take the ship: about eight prisoners were engaged in it zealously, and as there were but two sentries, and the marines and soldiers all unarmed,

and there being but one thin paneled door between us and where the arms were stacked, had we all been united, we would have succeeded beyond a doubt; but treachery displayed itself in our midst. The night previous to the consummation of our hopes, two Judases accidentally overheard the names of those concerned in it, and reported the same to the captain—their names were *Terrell* and *Smith*—and on the evening when we were to commence our operations, the hatches were bolted down, the sentries doubled, the soldiers and marines were called to arms, the arms were removed from their former location and placed in the gun-room, and for two weeks we were not permitted to go on deck; and when we did the sailors had cutlasses, and every man was armed, and the guard was stricter than ever—yet not a syllable escaped the captain on the subject of the mutiny. One of our number, Asa Prest, of Auburn, N. Y., began to decline. The ship's surgeon said that he had no particular disease, save that of a broken heart—no remedies produced any effect. He had left a wife and five children, dependent upon his labor for sustenance, and his constant wail was for home, its ease, its joys and its affections. Yet so patient amid all his sufferings, so kind and forgiving to his enemies, and endowed with superior mental qualifications, that we grieved much at his departure. He had

"An eye of most transparent light,
Which almost made the dungeon bright;
And not one groan or murmur, not
One sigh o'er his untimely lot.

* * * * *

"I saw he could not hold his head
Nor lift his dying hand—nor dead,
Though hard he strove, yet strove in vain,
To breathe the fresh, pure air again."

I came near him and bent my ear to his lips; the struggling spirit softly echoed the names of his household idols. "Wife and dear children, may God bless them!" and the last words died upon his tongue. It was a saddening sight to view the living and the dead mingled together in the ship's hold, and to feel that no kindred would close his eyes or ever know where he slept, far away where the blue waters flow, and the winds and waves, free and unfettered, moaning forth his dirge and requiem. May his children ever remember that the blood of a heart-broken martyr ran in his veins. He died at midnight, and the next morning his body was committed to the deep. Four of our number were allowed to see the burial. Prayers from the service of the church of England were read over the body, which was sunk in silence in the waters of the Atlantic.

The last of November we reached Rio Janeiro and cast anchor for water and sea-stores. It was during the celebration of the emperor's birth-day. The harbor streamed with the flags of every nation in the world, and there the stripes and stars gladdened our eyes. Relieved by a back ground of exceeding beauty, the spires of a hundred cathedrals glittered like burnished gold as they pointed the soul to heaven; and behind the city, rose lofty mountains of every variety of grandeur and sublimity. Around us lay

islands, while a thousand pleasure-boats, gliding as butterflies upon the waters, enlivened the scene. This city is the largest and most flourishing in South America. Its bay and harbor is studded with a hundred islands, and said to surpass in beauty that of the far-famed Naples. The shore rises gently into wooded hills, planted with villas and convents, and above towers Mount Corovado, whose sides are covered with shrubs of pristine loveliness and beauty. As we lay there prisoners, we could hear the swelling strains of martial music sound sadly upon our ears, and the bravos "of the multitudes who swarmed upon the shores." Our ship was visited by an English admiral and a post captain. Their conduct was respectful, and unlike that we had previously received from those who held much higher situations; convincing us that it was but the *scum* of England who ruled in Canada. The Methodist missionary located here, paid us a visit, and inquired kindly what had been our treatment upon the voyage; and he also gave us some Bibles.

Five days after our arrival we again set sail for Van Dieman's Land, and after the usual monotony of a sea voyage, we arrived on the 14th of February, 1840, in the harbor of Hobart Town. The first object that greeted our sight, was Mount Wellington, which overhangs the town, and which loomed above the waves long before the town at its base was in sight. Our descriptions were taken by an officer and his clerks: he was superintendent of convicts. At the time the following questions were asked: "What is your name? what is your trade? what is your age? what is your religion? what is your native place? where were you tried? when did you leave Canada? are you married? are your parents living? where do they reside? what is their native country? what is their religion? can the read? can they write? can you write? what is your number? After all these questions were answered, a minute examination was made of our bodies, and every mole, scar and spot was recorded, and our height and weight was taken into consideration so that we could be identified in the event of an escape. All this minutiæ was particularly inserted and afterward read over to each, and signed with his own hand. We were then taken to Sandy Bay, near Hobart Town, and placed in a yard as if we had been cattle. All our clothes were taken from us, and the prisoners' dress put on, which consisted of a jacket, a pair of pantaloons, a cap and a pair of shoes. The body of the dress was black and yellow, half and half, and made of a miserable woollen material. It resembled the dress of a clown or the plumage of a magpie, and lasted about one month; and allowed but two suits a year, we had three months to go half naked, to say the least. The cap was leather, and fitted close to our well-sheared heads. When the clothes were all worn out, and the homely-made shoes had fallen to pieces, we were bare-footed, and had but a small blanket tied about us to hide our nakedness. Exposed to biting winds and storms of sleet and snow, the huts in which we slept were built of slabs set up endways, very poorly thatched, and the top covering thin and leaky, giving us the benefit of rather a free circulation of air. In fact, we were at the

mercy of the weather ;—our floor was the ground, and after a rain, pools of water stood for hours in the hut. No fire was allowed us either to warm or dry our clothing; our food was half a pound of meat and one pound of bread ; the meat was generally fetid and sometimes filled with vermin—bony and stringy—and any well-fed dog would have refused to eat it. Our bread was composed of oats, barley and rice, with a little wheat ground together ; all the fine flower sifted out, and we were given the coarse ; it was bread that even a Grahamite would have starved upon. Such was our fare.

On the morning of the 17th we were paraded in a line, and the governor of the island, Sir John Franklin, (the great navigator) made his entre with his suite. We were then ordered to take off our caps, which was obeyed. He is an old man and is ruled by his counsellors, who ride over the people rough-shod ; but it is considered freedom to the anarchy and confusion that prevailed during the governorship of the "bloody executioner," Sir George Arthur. He looked like a *bon vivant*, without any strong marks, save obesity and imbecility. The noble and generous Captain Wood accompanied him. Let me here return our united thanks to Lady Colburn, who kindly supplied us with drafts and chess-boards to while away the tedium of our voyage, as well as the captain of the good ship Buffalo, whose unabated kindness will never be forgotten, and the feeling manner with which he discharged his arduous duties. The governor commenced a set speech in a slow nasal tone, and after proceeding for a few minutes—the amount of which was that he had received no orders regarding us from the home Government—he ended by asking the captain, what had been our conduct during the voyage? The answer "remarkably well," was very satisfactory to us ; and the governor then ordered that we should be set to work upon the roads for Government, admonishing us at the same time to behave ourselves, or we would fare hard ; and he and his suite departed. The overseers whom the superintendent placed over us were men of the worst sharacters; being felons and convicts, having been condemned for the most awful crimes that shuddering humanity records :—arson, theft, murder, rape, burglary, forgery. We were harnessed two and two, four being placed before each cart. We were then marched to work a distance of two miles: when we had reached the quarry of broken stone, we were ordered to fill them. The bodies of the carts were about six feet long, four wide, and two deep. We were then obliged to draw the carts, well filled, laden with from fifteen to eighteen hundred weight, and drag them over broken ground one mile ; and draw thirteen loads each day through rain and shine, wet and dry, rocks and mud. After we had been there about four months, four of our number effected their escape. They had been so dreadfully worked, that they made up their minds to die in being taken rather than to endure longer the loathsome curse of slavery. The broad blue sea was before them, and vessels arriving weekly from the United States. The temptation was too strong to be resisted, and they fled. After the first month of toil, it was

frequent that we fainted in performing our tasks that were imposed upon us by the foulest of the convicts of the known world; and night after night have we been dragged to the huts in a state of utter prostration and insensibility. And if we refused to do the tasks imposed upon us, we were taken before a magistrate (no defence being permitted,) and sentence passed upon us of seven days' solitary confinement for the first offence, and fed during the time upon one-fourth pound of bread per day. This living grave was a vault without light, with an uneven floor flagged with stone, and without any room for standing erect; it was two feet wide and six in length, ventilated with irregular crevices in the wall. In some parts of the body the blood almost stops circulation while undergoing this inhuman torture; and this we received for the most trivial indiscretion, while the filth of these dens of infamy surpasses all description. The first time that I was incarcerated it was for the following heinous misdemeanor:—On returning from work in the midst of a perfect tempest of rain and piercing wind, and being wet to the skin, and seeing a good cheerful fire burning in the cook's room, I committed the awful outrage of warming my shivering limbs; and that taste of comfort cost me seven days' solitary confiement upon one-fourth pound of bread per day and filthy water. I thought with Doctor Franklin, I had paid a little too dear for my whistle. About this time, the four prisoners who had escaped were captured upon a desolate island, six miles from the shore. The boat in which they started from the shore in, was wrecked upon the rocks. They had subsisted for two weeks upon cockles and other shell fish; and for a week had been in a deplorable and starving condition. When taken, two of them were nearly dead; but the others, by dint of iron constitutions, had survived the pains of starvation with unparalleled fortitude. They were tried, and sentenced to Port Arthur, a penal settlement, to labor in irons for two years. Their work was the carrying of shingles, and working in water four feet deep, and every night they were locked in a separate cell.

After being here for some months, we were removed to a station in the interior. Our removal was made to prevent any further escape. Our men at present were in a dreadful situation, and like so many swine, were seen to eat the potatoe skins and cabbage stumps that were cast from the door of a chief felon, who presided over us. At this station we became acquainted with a poor fellow whose history is worth recording. He was a child of sin begot at the "West End" of London, and with his deserted mother (a victim of one of England's lordlings,) was turned out to shift for himself in the streets of the Metropolis, and for stealing a penny-loaf, was sent to this Procrustes bed of despotism for life. Others were sent from conspiracies and malice, and others for not resisting temptation and quietly starving to death in "merrie auld England." The next station was that of "Lovely Banks." It was a clear, bright morning on which we started, and arrived there at evening. Here our labor was greatly increased, as we were engaged in building the road between Launceston

and Hobart Town. It was the law of the land, that any person who gave the convicts food or tobacco, and the same was found upon our persons, the donor was fined; and we were subjected to not less than seven, and not over twenty-one days' solitary confinement. One evening, for refusing to carry (in an over-worked and debilitated state,) a bar of iron, weighing one hundred pounds, to the station, the distance being four miles, I lay in one of those living graves one week; and many a time have we, barefooted, and in the snow four inches deep, gone to work shivering with cold, half naked, with our bodies wrapped in tattered blankets, and so hoarse with colds that our groans alone were audible. At Sandy Bay, Lysander Curtis's health began to decline, and he was taken to the hospital, but was remanded back to work, where he was put again to the wheelbarrow; but his strength was unequal to the task. But the overseer said he should wheel the load, or he might die at the quarry; and the poor fellow supplicated for mercy in vain, and that was his last day's labor. He fainted upon the ground, and was borne back to the hospital, where, with no attendance, and in great agony, he perished in forty-eight hours after he left the road. In his dying words, he prayed that the good people of Ogdensburgh would kindly remember his wife and children. At this place William Nattage was blown up by blasting, and he lingered a few days, and died in dreadful spasms. He desired that his family might be provided for by the lovers of liberty in Ohio. Thus the vales of Van Dieman's Land are whitened by the bones of exiles from the land of Washington. There was scarcely a station where some of our number did not fade from the earth; and to look back and think of our hideous situation, where, without any attention, our brethren were sick—died and were buried, as if they had been the beasts of the field, or the fowls of the air, is horrible. The scenery of the island would require the pen of a poet, or the pencil of a painter, to do anything like justice to it. The trees were covered with a foliage of peculiar beauty, and hundreds of warblers from the wild-wood soothed us at our work—while the mountains rose in forms of grandeur, whose tops were lost amid the clouds of heaven. Nature *seemed* to console us, and I *felt* for the first time in my life that

> "Man's inhumanity to man
> Makes countless thousands mourn."

CHAPTER IV.

Williams's Death—The Traitors—Bridgewater—The Governor's Visit—The Hospital—Tickets-of-Leave—Work for Mr. Barrow—His kindness—Morality of Van Dieman's Land.

A PRISONER now died whose real name was Steward, but who was tried under the *nom de guerre* of Williams: he was taken with the inflammation of the eyes. He was removed to a small place upon the Derwent called Norfolk, where through negligence he died. He was from Cleve-

land, Ohio, and was considered quite talented. His age, I believe, was twenty-six. On this station were Linus W. Miller and Joseph Stewart. We heard there were some American whalers at Hobart Town, from some convicts fresh from there, and these men went in behalf of the American captives, to see what chance of escape might offer, and report the same to us. The former was a young lawyer of fine talents—a perfect Emmet in patriotism. They had been gone, after breaking from the hut at midnight, about ten days, and the hope of our liberty seemed brightening; but Orin W. Smith and James M. Atcherson betrayed them to a magistrate, and they were taken on their return from the sea-shore, without our ever having known what they had accomplished. They were tried and condemned, and sent to Port Arthur in chains, for life. Miller was taken a prisoner at Windsor, and the governor told us at his next visit, that he should never leave the penal settlement as long as he remained upon the island. How bitter were our hearts toward our betrayers!—and every man felt deeply for the fate of our two captured brethren.

The morning after their discovery, we left the station and proceeded to a place called Green Ponds, and here Smith and Atcherson received their rewards in being made overseers over us. We charitably thought that *our own countrymen* would try and alleviate our misery; but alas! we found them harder task-masters than those very convicted felons, plucked from the lowest sinks of vice in Great Britain. Such is the fact—my cheek blushes to record it. Smith was now the double traitor—for it was him who played false on board the Buffalo. They now tried to get us to revolt—murder the soldiers—and take the barracks; and I doubt not would have succeeded, as we were ready for anything. But we happened to overhear a conference between them; that if they succeeded and gave the Government timely information, they would thus get a free pardon at the sacrifice of all our lives. Was not this most base, unmanly, and ungenerous? yet "let it be told in Gath, and published in Ascalon," that this same manikin Smith is from French Creek, and was a colonel in our army, who skulked at the battle of Prescott, and was afraid to fight or to run away, as some of his superiors had set him the example. Poor, pitiable wretch! "may the Lord reward him according to his works." As a kind of extra work, we we obliged to cut and draw from four to six loads of wood, over a mountainous road, the distance of four miles per day; and that too, with bleeding feet and lacerated bodies, chilled and wet; yet not even permitted to warm ourselves by the fire it made.

We now left Green Ponds for Bridgewater, within twelve miles of Hobart Town. I now joined my old comrades from whom I had been parted for many months. We were here employed in building a bridge across the Derwent; we were obliged to quarry stone and draw it a mile, and were engaged at work with three, and often four hundred other convicts, mingled together in the loathsome society. Often our rations were stolen from us. Some of the darkest days of my captivity, were the sixteen that I had to pass among such a vast number of the offscourings of crea-

tion—the dregs of the vilest of the vile. The tide of the river set above where we were at work, and half the time we were up to our knees in water.

Now we were separated, and sent to different parts of the island in companies of ten and twelve. The squad I was in, went to build a new station at Brown's river; there we had to carry shingles and timber upon our backs for one mile. There were several hundred prisoners here, and we were again subjected to the caprices of felon overseers. I received twenty-one days' solitary confinement here, for not telling who gave me a piece of tobacco. After we had been here three weeks, the governor made us his third visit; he inquired about our conduct; the superintendent told him that we were the best men to work, and the best behaved on the station—the crimes of the other convicts being that, when hard pressed with hunger, they would break from their huts at midnight, and trespass upon the nearest potatoe fields, where they would devour them like half famished swine. In a short time, the governor told us, we should receive "tickets of leave," which would give us the liberty of the island. He read us the Secretary of States' letter, which informed us that the Government road work was remitted from six to two years, and then we should have all our earnings. I have since learned that this was accomplished through the means of Mrs. Benjamin Wait, who is now a saint in heaven. To her memory we owe eternal gratitude; for I doubt not that long before the six years had expired, we should every one of us have fed the earth worms of Van Dieman's Land. We felt rejoiced as the day of our liberation drew near; every Saturday we stripped our bodies and washed our clothes; and for the offence of stealing a piece of beef, one of the English prisoners received the following sentence from the magistrate—"seventy-five lashes from the cat-o'-nine-tails." There he was, strung upon a triangle, and the executioner run his fingers through the lashes of the cat, to see if it was in perfect order, and after the first blow, shreds of skin and flesh were flayed off by every one that followed: no groan or cry was uttered, but his face looked the perfect picture of agony. A surgeon was by, and occasionally felt his pulse, making him bear to the very highest degree all the torture that the system could stand, without destroying his life. And when the bloody deed was finished, a pail of brine was dashed over his torn and quivering back, and yells of horror and pain broke from his ashy lips. Oh Heaven! how are thy images mutilated, and the soul tortured amid the pains of its tenement of clay. Though vile and erring, though licentious and profligate, can they not return to that fount of spirits from whence they emanated? though soiled and earth-worn, by calling upon Him whose holiest name is Father? And yet, reader, hear the language of one of the ministers of the church of England, when I called upon him to do us the favor of preaching a funeral sermon upon the death of Nattage, on the following Sabbath. "*Convicts have no souls!*—people so vile ought not think of such honors—and he hoped I would not insult him again by making so impertinent a request."

While engaged at work upon this station, I was severely wounded by the fall of a limb upon my shoulder. I was taken to the hospital, where, through the kindness of a convict-pardoned physician, I was appointed attendant about four months. The number of patients varied from twenty to forty; and when any of them died, they were buried like so many carrion carcasses. The naked bodies thrown into a rough box, were tumbled into pits. The most unfriendly and unfeeling disposition was ever manifested by the surgeon in attendance, who, like all the inhabitants, considered the prisoners as no better than brutes. Southern slavery, in its worst form, would have been a paradise to the infernal caprices to which we were ever subjected. When engaged in doing my duty, my heart often sickened, as the maniac's cry came forth in a husky voice upon my ear. "Write! yes, write to my mother in Scotland, that I am innocent. God knows it—let me rest now—the chains grow lighter—now they are off—I'm free!" and the frenzied victim sank back a corpse. And often have I watched the big death-tears fall from the eyes of the repentant exiles, when the memory of better days misted their souls on their road to heaven; with no kindred to catch their latest sigh, or cherish their expiring words. The fear of death was entirely destroyed by the sight of such horrid sufferings; and my heart bled to hear them, in their last moments, call upon the names of their households beyond the sea. The lunatic's cry was for home—dear home—take me home! Its well remembered joys haunting him through sin and sorrow, suffering and shame. And when the soul broke from the fetters of the body, it was joy to see the image of God sink into calm repose, untortured by the excruciating agonies of disease. In this lazar-house of wo, many a feeble man, having been over-tasked till disease was generated, was sent here to die; and the frailer his constitution, the sooner were his miseries ended. No respect was ever paid to what he had been. The blood-suckers only look and see what he is; and the name of a "sick convict," is a sure passport to the grave. I was glad when I left this abode of death, this hell of human suffering, and again returned to work. After laboring till the sixteenth of February, 1842, we all received our "tickets of leave." But instead of their giving us the liberty of the whole island, we found, upon examination, that they were confined to six of the interior districts only. Our "tickets of leave" were granted us at Hobart Town; yet we were liable, at a moment's warning, to be called into the service of Government; and we were most unceremoniously hurried out of town, for fear some of our number might escape. That night we prepared to sleep in the woods several miles from town; but a kind tavern-keeper came and invited us to lodge at his house, near by. All our clothes had been purloined by her majesty's officers, (some of us had two or three good suits,) and the rest were destroyed by rats. When we started, the next morning, we looked like a flock of half-picked Bob-a-lincums, chattering with pleasure, like so many magpies. It was three days before I found employment. All the people looked upon us as so many scape-gallows, and vag-

abonds. Some laughed at us; and a comical figure we cut, *sans culotte*. Others gave us old clothes. We were all rags and tatters—pale and wan. In uniform, no militia could hold a candle to us. Misery likes company, and we had enough of both. A kind man, on the road, lent me a dollar to buy food. I was first employed at Rothwell, for three weeks, by a wheelwright, who procured me some decent clothing; and I then went to work for a Mr. Barrow, a chief magistrate, who very kindly advanced me five pounds. This gentleman deserves my sincere thanks; for my stay was rendered, the three months I was with him, as pleasant as kindness and attention could make it from his beautiful and accomplished wife, and her amiable sister; and at times the poor exile almost forgot his bondage. In fact, after the hardships we had endured, it was pleasant to call what we earned by the sweat of our brows, our own. He lives in the style of an English nobleman—kept horses and hounds—was a capital shot, and an excellent whip—could back a horse through thick and thin, over hill and dale, rock and wood. Kangaroo hunting was his delight. He permitted me free access to his library, where I found files of American papers, and my eyes devoured their contents with unrestrained delight. With great regret I parted from this interesting family. Mr. Barrow told me, if ever I had any need of his aid, to call on him, and it should be freely given. I would here remark, that before strangers he was cold and distant toward me; but when with his family, he was very kind and familiar.

I went to Campbelltown, where I joined an association of mechanics, got up by our comrades. I am sorry to say it proves, as yet, more agreeable than lucrative. The Government regulations concerning ticket-of-leave-men, were rigid: forbidding any prisoner being in the street after 8 o'clock. I was only once caught out, and had my head shaved, and was confined seven days in the living grave that I have previously described. We were all obliged to attend church every Sabbath, and in case of a refusal, were severely punished. I have frequently seen the priest so drunk that he could hardly stand upright, while hickuping forth the prayers, and once he actually fell while descending the steps of the pulpit. He was publicly known to be a notorious inebriate, and his wife had been caught in adultery. The island is governed by a governor, a council, a court of queen's bench, and a chief magistrate—all appointed by the home Government; and many other officers, upon the recommendation of the first executive officer. All laws lose their force in Van Dieman's Land; bribery and corruption attending poor justice at every turn as her favorite handmaidens. The manners of the people are gross and sensual: —they are composed of pardoned convicts, blacklegs, gamblers and libertines, and many are entirely destitute of morals and common decency. As soon as we discovered some of our brethren inclined to inebriation, we formed a little temperance society, and we doubt not that it has saved them many weeks from the wretchedness of those living graves. The contaminating influence of such a society of villains, none can describe. There

is an article which, if imported there, would command the highest price: it is *female virtue*—licentiousness, libertinism, drunkenness and debauchery, being the order and fashion of the day; and a really virtuous person is looked upon with as much disgust there as a vicious one is here. Exceptions to this general rule are very extraordinary. Besides these, there are many other vices, too loathsome to mention:—every woman, after she has been married six weeks, prefers any man to her husband. Virtue goes unrewarded, and vice is protected in this land of Van *Demons*.

CHAPTER V.

The Aborigines of Van Dieman's Land—Features—Knowledge of a Supreme Being—Acuteness of Discrimination—Habits—Arms—Diseases—Number—Inducements held out by the Government to Settlers—Bush-rangers—Offer of Pardon to those assisting in their Capture—Capture and Execution of two—Grant of Free Pardon, etc., etc.

For many of the following facts regarding tne aborigines of Van Dieman's Land, I am indebted to Frezcinct, Widdowsons, and other valuable works upon this interesting subject. So little is known of these sons of nature—and still less has been done to give any knowledge of them—that not much can be offered as to their state formerly. From what I have read, the natives of Van Dieman's Land are unlike any other Indians, either in features, their mode of living, hunting, &c. There are many hundreds of people who have lived for years in the Colony, and yet have never seen a native. * * * * *

The features of these people are anything but pleasing: a large flat nose, with immense nostrils; lips particularly thick; a wide mouth, with a tolerably good set of teeth; the hair long and woolly, which, as if to confer additional beauty, is besmeared with red clay (similar to our red ochre) and grease. Their limbs are badly proportioned. The women appear to be, generally, better formed than the men. Their only covering is a few kangaroo skins, rudely stitched, and thrown over the shoulders; but more frequently they appear in a state of nudity. Indeed, so little knowledge have they of decency or comfort, that they never avail themselves of the purposes for which apparel is given to them. Lieut. Collins, in his account of the natives of Van Dieman's Land, describes their marriage ceremonies as being the most barbarous and brutal; and I have also heard from individuals who have visited the country, that it is not uncommon to see a poor woman almost beaten to death by her lover, previous to his marrying her. From the shyness of the natives of Van Dieman's Land, and the constant warfare that has been carried on between them and the remote stock-keepers, (which is not likely to render them more familiar,) I have not been able to ascertain whether there is any trace of religion among them, or if they have the slightest idea of a Supreme Being. I believe, and it is generally supposed, they have not.

"It is but fair to remark, however, that nothing has been done for them; the few that can speak a little English, only curse and swear, and this they catch up very readily from the different convicts they meet with.

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"There are but few instances of any native having entirely forsaken his tribe, however young he may have been taken away; they appear to dislike anything in the shape of labor, although, if they take to cattle, they are, beyond anything, quick in tracing and finding those lost. So acute is their power of discrimination, that they have been known to trace the footsteps of bush-rangers over mountains and rocks; and, although the individual they have been in pursuit of has walked into the sides of the river as if to cross it, to elude the vigilance of his pursuers, and has swam some distance down and crossed when convenient, yet nothing can deceive them. Indeed, so remarkable is their discernment, that if but the slightest piece of moss on a rock has been disturbed by footsteps, they will instantly detect it. The aborigines of this island have no appointed place or situation to live in; they roam about at will, followed by a pack of dogs, of different sorts and sizes, but which are used principally for hunting the kangaroo, opossum, bandicoot, &c.

"They are passionately fond of their dogs; so much so, that the females are frequently known to suckle a favorite puppy instead of the child. They rarely ever move at night, but encircle themselves round a large fire, and sleep in a sitting posture, with their heads between their knees. So careless are they of their children, that it is not uncommon to see boys grown up with feet exhibiting the loss of a toe or two, having, when infants, been dropped into the fire by the mother. The children are generally carried (by the women) astride across the shoulders, in a careless manner. They live entirely by hunting, and do not fish so much, or use the canoe, as in New South Wales, although the women are tolerably expert divers; the craw-fish and oyster, if immediately on the coast, are their principal food. Opossums and kagaroos may be said to be their chief support; the latter is as delicious a treat to an epicure, as the former is the reverse. The manner of cooking their victuals is by throwing them on the fire, merely to singe off their hair; they eat voraciously, and are very little removed from the brute creation as to choice of food; entrails, &c. sharing the same chance as the choicest parts. They are extremely expert in climbing, and can reach the top of the largest forest-trees without the aid of branches; they effect this by means of a small sharp flint, which they clasp tightly in the ball of their four fingers, and having cut a notch out of the bark, they easily ascend, with the large toe of each foot in one notch, and their curiously manufactured hatchet in the other. Their weapons of defence are the spear and waddie; the former is about twelve feet long, and as thick as the little finger of a man. The tea-tree supplies them with this matchless weapon; they harden one end, which is very sharply pointed, by burning and filing it with a flint

prepared for the purpose. In throwing the spear they are very expert; indeed, of late, their audacious atrocities have been lamentably great, although, at the same time, I have little hesitation in saying, they have arisen from the cruel treatment experienced by some of their women from the hands of the distant stock-keepers. Indeed, these poor mortals, I know, have been shot at merely to gratify a most barbarous cruelty.

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"After killing a white man, the natives have a sort of dance and rejoicing; jumping, and singing, and sending forth the strangest noises ever heard. They do not molest the body when dead, nor have I ever heard of their stripping and robbing the deceased.

"Among themselves they have no funeral rites; and those who are aged or diseased are left in hollow trees, or under the ledges of rocks, to pine and die. These people are subject to a disease, which causes the most loathsome ulcerated sores; two or three whom I saw were wretched looking objects. I remember a very old man, who was thus affected, being tried and hung, for spearing one of Mr. Hart's men; the culprit was so ill and infirm as to be obliged to be carried to the place of execution. I think the colonial surgeons call the disease the 'bush scab;' and that it is occasioned by a filthy mode of life. The population of natives is very small in proportion to the extent of the island: several causes may be alleged for their smallness of numbers; the principal one is their having been driven about from place to place, by settlers taking new locations; another cause is the great destruction of the kangaroo, which obliges the natives to labor hard to procure food sufficient for their sustenance: this, and their having no means of procuring vegetables, besides being constantly exposed to the weather, together with their offensive habits of living, produce the disease above mentioned, with its fatal consequences."

But the ensanguined administration of Sir George Arthur, has destroyed a great part of the native foresters, and reduced the number from seventeen-hundred, to about sixty, who are cooped up on a small island in Bass's straits, where they are continually dwindling away;—no more permitted to roam over their native mountains, and hunt in their lovely vallies, or dig a native bread, (a kind of ball found in the earth, of the consistence of rice, like our ground-nut, only a great deal larger,) or learn the birds to lisp phrases in their native island. A few years, and not one will remain. The Tasmanians will rest amid the thousand wrecks of innocence, that England delights to crush when it is in her power. But God will surely remember their unavenged wrongs—when India, China, and Ireland—all who have experienced the pressure of her vampire lips—and the bloody murders of Windsor, St. Eustache, St. Charles, St. Denis, and the butcheries of Beauharnois, will rise up as witnesses against her. She is red with sin, and the days of her oppressions are numbered. I here insert the inducements that the English government held out, for the settlement of Van Dieman's land:

"1. His majesty's Government do not intend to incur any *expense* in conveying settlers to the new colony on the Swan river; and will not feel bound to defray the expense of supplying them with provisions or other necessaries, after their arrival there, nor to assist their removing to England, or elsewhere, should they be desirous of quitting the colony.

"2. Such persons who may arrive in that settlement before the end of the year 1830, will receive, in the order of their arrival, grants of land, free of quit rent, proportioned to the capital which they may be prepared to invest in the improvement of the land, and of which capital they may be able to produce satisfactory proofs to the lieutenant governor (or other officer administering the colonial government,) or to any two officers of the local government appointed by the lieutenant governor for that purpose, at the rate of forty acres for every sum of three pounds which they may be prepared so to invest.

"3. Under the head of investment of capital, will be considered stock of every description, all implements of husbandry, and other articles which may be applicable to the purposes of productive industry, or which may be necessary for the establishment of the settler on the land where he is to be located. The amount of any half-pay or pension which the applicant may receive from Government, will also be considered as so much capital.

"4. Those who may incur the expense of taking out laboring persons, will be entitled to an allowance of land at the rate of fifteen pounds, that is, of two hundred acres of land, for the passage of every such laboring person, over and above any other investment of capital. In the class of 'laboring persons,' are included women and children above ten years old. Provision will be made by law, at the earliest opportunity, for rendering those capitalists, who may be engaged in taking out laboring persons to this settlement, liable for the future maintenance of those persons, should they, from infirmity, or any other cause, become unable to maintain themselves there.

"5. The license of occupation of land will be granted to the settler, on satisfactory proof being exhibited to the lieutenant governor (or other officer administering the local government,) of the amount of property brought into the colony. The proofs required of such property will be such satisfactory vouchers of expenses as would be received in auditing public accounts. But the full title to the land will not be granted in fee simple, until the settler has proved, to the satisfaction of the lieutenant governor (or other officer administering the local government,) that the sum required by Article 2nd, of these regulations, (viz. one shilling and sixpence per acre,) has been expended in the cultivation of the land, or in solid improvements, such as buildings, roads, or other works of the kind.

"6. Any grant of land thus allotted, of which a fair proportion, of at least one fourth, shall not have been brought into cultivation, otherwise improved or reclaimed from its wild state, to the extent of one shilling and

sixpence per acre, to the satisfaction of the local Government, within three years from the date of the license of occupation, shall, at the end of three years, be liable to a payment of sixpence per acre, into the public chest of the settlement; and at the expiration of seven years more, should the land still remain in an uncultivated or unimproved state, it will revert absolutely to the crown."

With the above inducements, the island has rapidly increased in population and wealth; the Government always preserving the balance between the convicts and the free population. The tyranny of Arthur had driven many of the prisoners to desert and turn highway robbers, making their home amid the secret fastnesses of the mountains. Upon the island, they are termed bush-rangers. For many months the people were alarmed by several murders and robberies committed by some of these escaped felons, and the governor issued a proclamation that any one that would arrest the said bush-rangers, should receive a free pardon and a free passage from the colony. Several of the police constables had been severely wounded by them, and one had been killed—and no convict felt willing to volunteer in pursuit of the highwaymen. The governor now ordered all the prisoners, having tickets of leave, to go in pursuit. A number amounting to over fifteen hundred, were called out and divided into parties of from five to eight in each, headed by a policeman. We were armed with muskets. Several who refused to obey the order were sent in irons to Port Arthur, a penal settlement, and were never to receive the indulgence of the Government again while they remained prisoners of the crown. Our party consisted of six, Dresser and myself being the only Americans in it. After we had roamed over mountains, and across rivers and valleys for twelve days, and had nearly despaired of any success, we heard of a shepherd's hut, about three miles distant; and as it had rained incessantly for the last two days, we wished to get to it and dry our clothes, cook some meat, and bivouac for the night. We all had separated, so that it might be impossible for it to escape our observation; and when we reached it, we all came from different directions. When within about twenty rods of the hut, we saw two men, armed to the teeth, coming out of the door, and from the description, we knew them to be the brigands. When near them, our constable cried "halt;" but they seemed to have just discovered us, and giving a wild look around them, they ran to the woods. We were ordered to follow them, and to fire if they did not halt. They found that we gained ground, and each taking a tree, took steady aim at us from behind it; but not one of their pieces would go off, as they had been out the last two days in steady rain. One was armed with a double-barrel gun and four pistols; the other with a rifle, and the same number of small arms. After finding that resistance was useless, they surrendered in a very gentlemanly style. Jefs, the younger, begged our pardon for having been taken so cowardly, and not firing; but he was very glad that what was his loss was our gain. I heard that he was a Gipsy by birth. He was what the world would call "devilish

handsome ;" dark eyes, long eye-lashes ; and in his dress, was as neat and trim as a French dandy. His face was of a melancholy cast, and his form the perfection of manliness. He said death was a fate he preferred to the life of a convict. His companion, Conway, did not relish his fate quite so well. They had robbed a house a few days before, and in the drunken revel which followed, he had received a very severe wound in his groin ; and his comrade had clung to him with great fidelity during his sufferings. They had been without food for two days, and had left their cavern that morning in search of it. Both preferred death to the tortures of a felon's life. I visited their cave, upon the side of a mountain ; and if they had had plenty of provisions, they would have been secure for years : the hole at the mouth was just large enough to admit a man's body, and was concealed by bushes and moss. They were tried and convicted, and sentenced to death. Jefs made a very remarkable defence ; and died, as he had lived, a fearless dare-devil. They were not executed until after we had left the island. From the time of their capture, we considered ourselves freemen ; our fondest hopes were realized, and in spirit I had already visited friends and home. We were detained upon the island for several weeks, until we had been sworn before one of the judges of the Court of Queen's Bench, and our persons fully identified. The principal director of convicts offered us the £25 and a situation under the Government, which we declined ; but two of the six accepted the offer, and remained. We told the director if he would give us his situation, worth £3,000, it would be no temptation for us to stay. He then turned to me, and asked "If I would again interfere with the British Government in Canada ?" I told him "not until the Canadians were worthier of liberty than they are at present." On the 22nd of June, 1843, we received our free pardon, the following being a true copy :

"Van Dieman's Land, (No. 84.)

"By His Excellency, Sir John Franklin, Knight Commander of the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic Order, Knight of the Greek Order of the Redeemer, and a Captain in Her Majesty's Royal Navy, Lieutenant Governor of the Island of Van Dieman's Land and its dependencies.

"Whereas, Stephen Smith Wright, who arrived at Hobart Town by the ship Buffalo, in the year 1840, under a sentence of transportation for life, passed upon him at the Province of Upper Canada, in the year 1838, hath, by his good conduct and behavior, during his residence in this island, appeared to me, the said Lieutenant Governor, to be a fit object for the extension to him of an absolute remission of his sentence : Now, therefore, in consideration of the premises, I, the Lieutenant Governor aforesaid, by virtue of the powers and authorities in me in his behalf vested, do, by this instrument, absolutely remit all the residue or remainder of the time or term of transportation yet to come or unexpired, of or under the said sentence so passed upon the said Stephen Smith Wright, as aforesaid, and the same is hereby remitted accordingly.

"L. S. In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused also the seal of Van Dieman's land, and its dependencies, to be hereunto affixed, at Hobart Town, in Van Die-
Register E. Folio 28. man's land, aforesaid; this twenty-second day of June, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and forty-three.

JOHN FRANKLIN."

"J. E. RIETENO, Colonial Secretary, and Register."

It is upon parchment, and the book contains my "description," as taken on the deck of the Buffalo, the day before we landed.

The present state of the American prisoners should excite the sympathy of every feeling man. But one of my companions has married on the island; and if he is ever pardoned, will, doubtless, make it his home for life. But it grieved me to see Chauncy Sheldon, who fought the British at Lundy's lane,—aged, and white-haired—toiling, an exile, among the convicts; far from home, fireside, and kindred. The most of our number have, at present, broken constitutions, and are pining for their native land. Scions of liberty rarely flourish on the soil of oppression; and death at once would be far preferable, than to end your days by some slow disease; and know that it was sapping to the dregs the fountain of your existence. Six have already found peace and liberty in the grave; and the pallid faces, and attenuated forms of several others, show that they are not far from that bourne from whence no traveller returns. And if they are ever pardoned, (and I know no reason in the world, to suppose that England would have mercy enough to do so God-like an act,) their friends must not be surprised to find dim eyes, care-worn brows, and wrinkled faces, as well as gray hair—all brought on by inhuman exposure to the weather, and two years spent in toiling beyond our strength.

CHAPTER VI.

Van Dieman's Land—Its discovery—Climate—Inhabitants—Productions—Mineralogy—Ornithology—Zoology—Botany—Its present condition, &c.

VAN Dieman's land is an insular appendage to the southern part of New Holland, but of much smaller dimensions. It lies between 40° 42′ and 43° 43′ South latitude; and 144° 31′ and 148° 22′ West longitude; and is reckoned by Freycinet, to contain an area of twenty-seven thousand one hundred and ninety-two square miles. In general, it is composed of alternate hill and dale; and even the high downs are generally fit either for cultivation or pasturage. The chief lines, both of mountain and river, run from north to south, through the eastern part of the colony.

Mount Wellington; the most elevated hill in the island, nearly overhangs the southern settlement of Hobart Town—rising to the hight of 3936 feet—being covered for nine months in the year with snow, and subject to violent whirlwinds. The northern peaks are called Ben Lomond and Tasman, and are also considerable. But the chain of most continuous elevation, is that nearly in the centre of the island, called the Western Mountains, which extend north and south, for its whole length. They possess a general height of thirty-five hundred feet; inclose several large lakes—one said to be sixty miles in circumference—and give rise to the principal rivers in the island. Among these, is the Tamar, which, uniting the waters of the North and South Eske from the east, of the Macguarie and Lake rivers from the south, and of the Western river from the west, forms at Launceston a navigable stream, which soon opens into the broad estuary of Port Dalrymple, on the north side of the island. The Derwent flowing in an opposite direction, and swelled by the parallel stream of the Jordan, spreads into a noble harbor on the southeast side of the island, on which Hobart Town is situated. Two rivers on the western side enter Macguarie harbor; but their course is yet unexplored. The harbors of Van Dieman's land surpass those of any country in the world, not excepting even the admirable ones of New South Wales. This island was first discovered by Tasman, who surveyed its southern and western shores, but not the northern and eastern; with which we are almost exclusively acquainted. It was afterward observed, in parts, by Marion, Ferneaux, Cook, and particularly by D'Eutricasteau, who traced the remarkable channel which bears his name. All this time, however, it was believed to be a part of the continent; nor was it till Bass, in 1798, passed through the straits, which are called after him, that its insular character was established. In 1803, Captain Bowen founded the first convict establishment, at Risdon cove, on the left hand of the Derwent; which was removed, in 1804, by Colonel Collins to Hobart Town, on the right bank, in Sullivan cove, about twelve miles up the river. Since that time, the colony has been in a state of rapid increase; particularly, during the last ten or twelve years, when it became the favorite resort of voluntary emigration.

The climate of Van Dieman's Land belongs decidedly to the temperate zone, and is therefore more cool and congenial to a British constitution, than that of the original colony. It has not the same extremes of barrenness and fertility; there are some rich flats along the rivers, but in general, the lands are somewhat high and of a medium aptitude, both for agriculture and pasturage. A greater proportion of it is quite clear of wood, and admits of the plough being applied without any previous preparation. On the road from Hobart Town to Port Dalrymple, there is a plain extending in one direction for twenty miles, and clear land is frequent on the north side of the island. The climate is not favorable to the growth of maize, tobacco, and especially sugar; but wheat, barley and oats, are produced of superior quality. The potatoes are equal to any in the

world, and will keep through the year. The cattle are rather good; the sheep produce fine wool, though not quite equal to that of New South Wales; but this has, perhaps, been from want of care, and great efforts are making for its improvement. This land wants the cedar and rose-wood of the great continent of New Holland; but the black-wood, the hoar pine, and Adventure Bay pine, are valuable trees, peculiar to it.

The natives of Van Dieman's Land are guessed by Hassel at only fifteen hundred, and are, if possible, in a lower state than even those of the great continent. They are strangers to fishing, and to the construction of even the rudest canoes; but convey themselves in miserable rafts over any water they are obliged to cross. They are unacquainted with the throwing-stick; their spears are much less formidable, and their disposition more peaceable; but, unfortunately, they have been inflamed with the most deadly hatred against the English. This deplorable circumstance appears to have been solely owing to the rashness of an officer, who, at an early period of the settlement, fired upon a party approaching, as there was afterward reason to believe, with the most peaceable intentions. This incident appears to have made a permanent impression upon the minds of these savages; for ever since that time, they have seized every opportunity of attacking and killing the colonists; but the smallness of their numbers and lack of courage, has rendered their enmity far from terrible.

The British population is considered to form the most completely English colony that exists; yet the state of society is, on the whole, wilder that at Port Jackson; in particular, the most desperate convicts have been sent there, as a place of ulterior punishment. Numbers escaped, and formed a body of bush-rangers, who kept the colony in a state of perpetual alarm, and have only been very recently put down. The Government supports a male and female orphan school and seven public day schools. The exports consist of wool, wheat, salted beef, mutton, hams and tongues, with some hides, tallow, seal-skins, whale-oil, and spars. Several newspapers are published at Hobart Town and Launceston; Hobart Town has one of the finest harbors in the world. The mineral productions of the island are extremely meagre, viz. granite, mica slate, granular quartz, ancient sandstone, and limestone, resembling that of England. There is also an extensive coal-mine, worked by the convicts near Port Arthur, which is of a very good quality. Oolite, syenite and serpentine, are rarely met with; yet when found, they make very fine specimens, from their peculiar structure. Fossil-wood and coal formations are found, very perfectly preserved, and splendid specimens of Coniferæ have been forwarded to England. Some of the shells of Van Dieman's Land are very highly prized by collectors, especially the family of Volutes, which are here chiefly found in great perfection.

It is Van Dieman's Land, says a great naturalist, "where it is summer, when it is winter in Europe, and *vice versa;* where the barometer rises before bad weather and falls before good—where the north is the hot wind

and the south the cold—where the humblest house is fitted up with cedar, and the fields are fenced with mahogany, and myrtle-trees are burned for fuel—where the swans are black and the eagles white—where the kangaroo, an animal between the squirrel and the deer, has five claws on its fore paws, and three talons on its hind legs like a bird, and yet hops on its tail—where the mole (ornithorlynchus paradoxus) lays eggs and has a duck's bill—where the fish have wings, and sail through the air—where the pears are made of wood, and with the stalk at the broader end, and the cherry, (exocarpas cupressiformis) grows with the stone on the outside." The birds make up for the scantiness of the zoological specimens in this region, the kangaroo being the largest of the four-footed animals; but these wonderful creatures, instead of fabricating warm and skillful nests beneath the earth for the protection of their young, in like manner to all other mouse-like quadrupeds, are provided with a natural nest in the folds of their own skin, where the young are sheltered and protected until they are able to provide for themselves.

The duck-bill mole has long excited the scepticism and astonishment of naturalists; who beheld in these creatures the perfect bill of a duck, ingrafted as it were on the body of a mole-like quadruped. It was first made known to the world by Dr. Shaw, who clearly demonstrated it was no fictitious deception. The whole animal has some resemblance in miniature to an otter; but is only thirteen inches long. It swims well, and indeed seldom quits the water, since the extreme shortness of its legs renders it only able to crawl on land. These animals, of which there appear to be two species, (distinguished only by their color,) are principally found near Port Jackson. The foot of the mole is armed with a spur, through which passes a poisonous liquor, rendering the animal dangerous. It has lately been clearly proved that these duck-moles not only lay eggs, but suckle their young. These two strange species of animals, and several tribes of opossums, and two kinds of phalangers, make up the zoology of this remarkable region. The seal is found very common upon the shores, and the rivers abound with fish of the most delicate flavor. The first, the rarest, and by far the most magnificent bird of Van Dieman's Land, is the black cockatoo; it is found only in the most retired parts of the island; and from its head falls a glorious spray of lemon-colored plumes, well relieved by a body of glossy, velvet feathers, of an ebon blackness. They are seldom if ever tamed, and are considered a great rarity, even upon the island. The white cockatoo is very common, and it speaks, when well trained, with much more distinctness of enunciation than the best parrot. The color is generally a creamy white, and the straw-colored plumage adorns the head with great beauty. I brought one of the last mentioned birds, as a kind of token of my slavery, within seven days' sail of London, when it died; he could speak many words with great accuracy of tone, especially "sweet home," and other short sentences; and I much regretted his death. There is another kind of cockatoo, similar to the first one described, with one or two bands

of the richest scarlet upon the back and tail: but it is not as rare as the black species. Parrots of every variety gem the luxurious foliage of the forests, and from among them, for beauty, I would choose the Rose-hill parrot: blue, crimson and orange make up the plumage of this nonpareil bird. Paroquets are about as beautiful, but of a much smaller size. Of the last mentioned birds, I possessed four when I parted from the island, but all died beneath the tropics. The pigeons and doves are certainly the most beautiful in the world: the general tint of their plumage being a rich green, variegated with red, purple and yellow, about the head and breast; but others occur of a brown color, relieved by spots on the wings, of the most changeable colors, equal in brilliancy to the finest gems. There is a small bird, with a tongue like a brush, called the emu, scarcely larger than a wren, with a long tail, perfectly transparent, consisting of one bifurcated feather—similar to its namesake of New Holland. The spotted grosbeak is a most elegant bird, not larger than a bulfinch, and is easily domesticated. It is of a light slate-color above, with a bill and rump of a deep crimson; the throat has a black collar, and the sides have snow-white spots. The wedge-tailed eagle is often seen soaring above the mountains, and the milk-white and jet-black swans make a home upon the lakes and rivers. All oceanic birds are particularly numerous. The island abounds in shrubs of great beauty, and a countless variety of flowers. Dame Nature dropped some of her choicest seeds in this land of exile. The most numerous of the forest trees are of the genus Eucalyplus, commonly called black, white, red, and yellow gums; there are about fifty different kinds upon the island. The most remarkable is the yellow gum tree, which attains the size of our tallest beeches, growing straight for about fifteen or twenty feet, after which it branches out into long spiral leaves, which hang down on all sides, and resemble those of the largest kind of grass. From the centre of these leaves springs a single foot stock, eighteen or twenty feet high, terminating in a spike, not unlike an ear of wheat: but the valuable part of this plant is its resin, the properties of which vie with the most fragrant balsams. This gum exudes spontaneously from the bark; yet still more so from incisions. This tree is not as common as the red gum, which, near Port Jackson, attains the height of a hundred and fifty feet, with a girth at the base of from twenty-five to fifty feet. The bark of these trees scales off, and their leaves, being evergreen, fall so invisibly that they seem, to a casual observer, rather to shed their bark instead of their leaves. There is also the banken, the peppermint, the oak, male and female, the black-wood, bog-wood, and the cherry. Of the thousands of glorious plants, I shall speak of but one, (Doryanthes excelsa) or the lily of Van Dieman's Land. It is, without doubt, the most stately of the nobles of the floral kingdom. It attains the height of ten feet, bearing at its summit a crown of blossoms of the richest crimson, each three inches in diameter. The leaves are very long, of a dusky green, harsh to the feeling and of a sword's sharpness, and many of them four feet in length. I have seen

a dozen orioles, of every tint of the rainbow, fluttering about this fine lily of a morning; and the woods echoed with the harsh voices of the parrot, and the glancing wings of the pigeons, while the sweet melody of the superb warbler and the jacose, made up a scene of fairy-like singularity, which no country but Australia and her islands can produce.

There are two specimens of natural history, that I have neglected to describe, and which I now will try to give my readers a faint idea of. The first, is the dog-faced opossum; it suggests the union of the dog and the tiger. The fur is soft, short, and of a yellowish brown; the sides of the body being marked by broad transverse stripes of black, which do not, however, extend to the belly; the tail is compressed, and it is a fine swimmer, inhabiting the rocks upon the sea-shore, and feeding upon fish. The second is the coal-black swan, with its graceful neck and wings, gleaming like polished ebony; it has a very peculiar eye, and when the sun strikes it, obliquely, it radiates and glows like fresh cut diamond. They pair two and two. I have often met with a solitary one, who, having lost its mate, lives his century in solitude, (they are said to live one hundred years,) displaying a constancy that *humans* would do well to imitate. It was a great favorite with the Tasmanian natives, who prized very highly its jetty down; as they made rugs of its skin, for their new born children. The white swans are not so numerous; yet no fellowship is sought between the two; showing plainly that they are no amalgamationists, as they shun, though solitary, each other's society. There are ground parrots, with long spiked tails, and a spotted plumage, which are never known to perch upon a tree; their feathers are of every shadow of loveliness. The ground rorrakat, blue-breasted, is of remarkable beauty; these last birds are generally found in flocks. There are several kinds of reptiles; among them the diamond serpent, of three feet in length, covered with a coat of a mail, in fine scales, which sparkle with great brilliancy; its bite is fatal: also the adder, with black and striped snakes; several kinds of lizards, and scorpions, and insects of almost every variety have a home in Van Dieman's land. It was formerly inhabited by a race, known as Tasmanians; but that vampire of the deep, England, has sent them (after dwindling their number from seventeen hundred to sixty,) to perish upon a small barren island, called Bruno, in Bass's Straits: in a few years they will be extinct.

The free population of the whole island, at present, is about sixty thousand, of whom near twenty-five thousand were transported convicts; but now are free from servitude or indulgence. The amount of convicts, both male and female, who are still prisoners, no better than slaves, is about twenty-five thousand. The proportion of female convicts is about, or over one third; and of the free, about one half. Thus we have a population for Van Dieman's land of free males, thirty-three thousand five hundred; of male prisoners, about fifteen thousand six hundred; of female convicts, seven thousand five hundred; making, in the aggregate, seventy-three thousand inhabitants, or human beings; twenty-two thou-

sand being mere dwellers. We also see that forty-three thousand have been transported thither, being convicted of crimes of every shade. Dr. Ross (the publisher of an almanac and government paper, in Hobart Town, for a few years) says, they are criminals selected from the worst offenders at home; not only the worst characters that England could produce in a year, but they are, actually, the worst that can be taken in an accumulation of several years. And add to this statement, that Van Dieman's land is yet a receptacle for all the New South Wales offenders, doubly convicts;—a set of characters, it must be presumed, not very likely to shake off old habits of gross immorality, intemperance, brutality and crime. Imagine, for a moment, the extent of this mass of crime and infamy, and then say what you think of the state of society it must engender. The disproportion of females to the males, induces the Government to empty the brothels of London, Dublin, Liverpool and Edinburgh; giving all a free passage between the ages of sixteen and thirty; and Mr. Benjamin Wait, to whom I am indebted for some of the above facts, says: "I have been acquainted with a number of these bounty emigrant women; and I fain would close my eyes against the truth, and restrain my pen from writing it, but am constrained to say, what I have repeatedly heard from the best individuals here, 'that female virtue is rarely known in Van Dieman's land.'" The very amusements of the people, show the brutishness of their taste; the "ring," or pugilistic combats being preferred to all others. I have seen hundreds of women at the prize fights, enjoying the excitement with as much gusto as the women of my native land a tea-party gossiping. The beastly drunkenness, and the low state of morals, (there are, in fact, no morals at all,) give birth to vice; and when the poor dying gladiator falls, with bruised body and lanced eyes, covered with blood and dust, female voices raise the cry of victory. Shakespere hath too truly said, "frailty, thy name is woman."

CHAPTER VII.

Embark for Europe—View of the island from the sea—Farewell to Van Dieman's Land—The whale, and other denizens of the deep—Arrival at London—Misery of the lower classes, and luxury of the rich—Victoria Cobourg—Embark for New-York—Return home.

On the 22nd day of July, 1843, we embarked in the Areta, a brig of three hundred and twenty tons, loaded with wool and oil, with twenty souls on board. Language is impotent to describe the rapturous joy of our hearts, as the dark isle of felons glimmered away in the distance; yet there was sadness in thinking of their tear-wet eyes, bronzed cheeks, and the warm pressure of their hard hands, and the choked "God bless you," that burst from full hearts, when we bid them good-bye—our faithful dear exile comrades; and to think they must wait for the mercy of that Government, which hath never tried to spell that blessed word. Ask St Helena

and she will point you to the vacant grave of Napoleon Bonaparte—an empty monument of British mercy. Ask the damp dungeons of Mary Queen of Scotts, and the black scaffold will reply "this is British mercy." Ask the yet green grave of Emmet, and the dewy grass, wet with a nation's tears will whisper, "this is British mercy!"

No scene in the world ever looked so bright to me as Van Dieman's Land from the sea. A silver veil hung mid-way upon Mount Wellington, and I gazed upon the rock-bound coast, and tears filled my eyes to think that but a broken band were returning to their home beyond the sea. Evening came on, and I bid farewell to Van Dieman's Land for ever. Our passage was very stormy; for weeks the wind blew a perfect hurricane, while doubling Cape Horn. I here saw the sperm whale, a noble animal whose affection makes the female revenge herself upon that boat which is unfortunate in capturing her young. They are of a brown color, and enjoyed themselves in sporting in freedom amid their ocean waves. We passed two barren rocks that may serve England to incarcerate prisoners of state upon, when all her other places of punishment are filled. I would that the base murderers of the broken-hearted Lady Flora Hastings had a retreat upon one of them, and Victoria Cobourg may yet be glad to get as good a place as Van Dieman's Land, to save her own head from the scaffold.

The dolphin is one of the most beautiful creatures of the sea; when dying, it sends forth all the colors of the rainbow, every death-pang giving a brighter hue—resembling in metaphor, a good man's death-bed, his last day being the most glorious. We found, also, the flying fish, that strange mixture of fish and bird, connecting the air and water tribes by a visible link. They sail gently over the waves, leaving the water when chased by the dolphin, and returning to it when out of reach. We caught two that were preserved, and they retained their color and form admirably. The most ravenous of all the sea tribes, is the shark—the king of the sea. We caught an enormous one with a bait of pork; its teeth resembled a saw newly filed. The legend of their scenting the sick on board vessels and following them for days, has long since exploded before the light of knowledge. When beneath the equator, we began to admire those aerial landscapes, (see Note 12th,) varying and changing in forms of fleeting beauty. The poet has well described them in the following lines:

"There peers the forest's dark strata of cloud,
Fane, arbor and altar—sepulchre and shroud;
The army in battle, the fleet on the wave,
The rock and its grotto, the hermit and cave,
The dome of the city, its palace and spire,
The snow-covered peak with its bosom on fire,
As the scenery of drama they come and retire.
Now the rock and the grot are the low urn surrounding,
The army and fleet on the forest top bounding;
The palace and dome grace the peak of the mountain,
Its bosom of flame is the gush of the fountain.

Thus the chaos of clouds o'er an ocean of blue,
Tremblingly vanish and boldly renew,
Like the wearied in war on the flight of defeat:
Like the charge of the brave on the coward's retreat."

In the monotony of a long sea voyage, we learn to turn our thoughts to the skies, and the sight of a bird is an event of interest, and the passing of a ship gives the heart a peculiar kind of joy, to know that others have trusted their fate upon the waters as well as yourself; and the sight of spar, plank, or cask, floating upon the billows, awake the reflection of those who have left the land to return no more.

After being at sea four months and twenty-six days, the white cliffs of Dover shone brightly above the waters, and the land of the despot greeted my eyes; and in three days I trod the streets of London, where we landed on the ———. As I paced the streets, poverty of every description, and misery of every shade, met my eyes. There might be seen mothers imploring a penny to buy bread for starving children; able-bodied men, gaunt with hunger, scraping the sewers for food, and devouringit like dogs; children, naked as at the hour of their birth, raising their little hands for the miserable tribute of this world's charity;—I wondered not at the crimes which unjust laws had driven them to commit, or that the merciless Government, not to be troubled with their agonized groans and dying curses, transfer them to a place where royal and loyal ears would never hear—much less grant the prayers of the starving paupers and dying infants; and for the most trivial offence, Botany Bay is the husher of their sighs and soother of their woes. There wanders the friendless outcast, once the tenant of yonder princely hall; but the lust of her lordly seducer satisfied, she is left houseless in the streets of London. In vain may she implore aid, mercy, protection;—in vain does the miserable babe cling to her breast; its little hands will soon relax their grasp, for the death stare is upon its mild blue eyes. Crazed, forlorn, distressed—God only knows what will be her fate.

In yonder carriage rides the Duchess of S * * * * d; a thousand pounds glitters in her turnout—horses, carriage, housings, and attendants. Her husband sits by her side—the poor hen-pecked creature, with the tyrant's eye, and the despot's heart beating under that mean exterior. What, think you, was the price of those diamond bracelets which dazzle, as sunlight, upon her snowy arms? Let the lives and bodies of poor women, harnessed to the drays in the loathsome coal mines, whose eyes have not seen God's daylight for months, and whose lips have not tasted a morsel of wholesome bread for years upon her estate—answer. What, think you, the price of her velvet and ermine cloak, and of her cap, adorned with pearls, and the gems that glitter upon her aristocratic hand; or of the necklace of rubies, flashing upon her bosom of beauty? Let the deformed children, and the famished mothers, who have toiled in his grace's factories, answer. How dear is bread—but flesh and blood! oh! God! how cheap! I saw Victoria Cobourg, surrounded by her lords and ladies, whose dresses were of every texture in the world, glittering with jewels and gleaming in gold; and I thought of the starving mass-

ses, whose money and life had been crushed out of them to support this extravagance; and my heart was sick of that bitter satire to every *honest* Briton—"Hurrah for *happy* England!" If what I saw was happiness, what is misery? Who has the moral courage to see the smoking bread of a well filled bakery, and yet starve to death? yet many have so died in London; thousands, and yet the half is not told. And if one morsel of that bread is taken, when no work can be had, the doom is transportation for life; while Prince Albert, that pauper upon England's bounty, riots upon thirty thousand pounds per annum. Many could have been employed to do the state the same service he does, at a much cheaper rate. I saw him with the field martials' star upon his breast, and covered with gaudy finery. It added nothing to its beauty to know, that it had been washed in the tears and blood of the poverty-stricken ones of England.

"God, who hath heard the widow's cry,
God, who hath seen the orphan's moan,
None 'round thee of famine die,
Although thou sittest on a throne.
Things like these, of regal birth,
Who boast their princely right divine,
Are but thy parodies on earth;
Their's is oppression—mercy thine."

Wherever I went, degradation, vice and misery, were ever before me; and a starving nation's bitter tears bedewed my path. And what is the liberty of England? What has been her nobleness, and magnanimity? Has she any? Did she not quarter Wallace—murder Mary, Queen of Scotts—execute Raleigh—shoot Byng—and strangle Carraccioli? Did she not give Napoleon the vulture and the rock? Did she not shield the defamers of the house of Hastings—fetter India—devour Spain—persecute in Affghanistan—and butcher in China—and cheat Ireland of her parliament—and shed enough blood in Canada to make a fountain play for weeks, to amuse her majesty and her cabinet? Has she not supported the odious Bourbons upon the the throne of a Bonaparte, and helped the Austrian despot to establish the vilest tyranny in the Roman states? Tell me a country under God's heaven where *she has the power*, that she does not secure the *lion's* half to herself? Has she not shackled the press, proscribed authors, and incarcerated printers in prison dens; and carried on the odious tithe system over the height and breadth of her land, for the support of a religion, begot in licentiousness, and born in butchery?—whose first union with the state was baptized in the tears of the populace; and whose first founder drank the blood of innocent women and noble men, as if it had been water; and whose priests are yet hypocrites in church and Satans at home. Sure this is the shame of England without one ray of her glory. Sure this is the meanness of England, without one shadow of her magnanimity. The day of Great Britain's retribution will come, amid the awful thunderings of God, whose images have been destroyed and defaced by her most unrighteous laws? when the Herodess who now sits upon a throne of gold, clothed in purple and fine linen, shall be cast down, and with her blood alone can atonement be made for the thou-

sand starving mothers, and withered children who have perished in their shrivelled arms. The First Charles's fate is not yet forgotten by the democratic hearts of England; and the spirit of Cromwell now burns in a thousand crushed and bruised hearts—and the scaffold of Louis the Sixteenth beacons forth the fact, that the people may, if they will, be free. The materials are now gathering, whose combustion will shiver the bloody throne of despotism to atoms; and the title of "king" is yet to be unknown upon the face of the earth. Her cup is not yet filled: the famished stealers of bread—the oppressed of the loathsome mines and horrid factories—the outcast mothers and the starveling children, have yet to be avenged; for "vengeance is mine," saith the Lord, "and I will repay it."

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The American minister, Mr. Everett, was very kind, and procured us a passage to New-York. My companion, Mr. Dresser, was ill during a greater part of the voyage, and was confined to his room while here. The streets were lighted at mid-day with gas, and the fog was very dense, so that I never saw the sun but once while I was in London, something over two weeks. We now embarked on board the Quebec, and after being at sea six weeks, we came in sight of my native land. That night I slept but little; my joy was beyond the power of words—I felt with the poet:

> "Speed, speed, my dear vessel, the shore is in sight—
> The sea-breeze is fair, we shall anchor to-night.
> To-morrow at sunrise, once more shall I stand
> On the sea-beaten shore of my own native land."

I would here thank the generous-hearted William Lyon Mackenzie, whose gentlemanly sympathy and hospitality was extended to us while in the city; and in the course of a few days the prodigal son had returned to the house of his father. Through all my wanderings, a kind of guiding power, as if to answer the prayers of my aged father, preserved me from danger and despair, and at last guided me back to his arms. The joy of being with my brothers and sisters, kindred and friends; and the crowded assemblies who hailed me home, made me feel more as if I was in a pleasant dream than a stern reality. I bless God, who hath snatched me from the hands of the oppressor; and my dear father, in the fullness of his heart, truly exclaimed: "This my son was dead, and is alive again—he was lost and is found!"

I here insert the letter which the editors of the New-York Tribune kindly published, that any who may read this work, can have an opportunity of inquiring by mail after their exiled friends:

"New-York, February 17th, 1844.

"*To the Editors of The Tribune:*

"The undersigned were engaged with Col. Von Schoultz in the affair of the Windmill, near Prescott, in November, 1838. They were tried by a militia court-martial at Kingston, Canada, and sentenced to death. but sent

to Van Dieman's land as convicts; where, after a residence of nearly four years, they were forgiven and allowed to return to their native country by Sir John Franklin, the British governor.

"On our voyage out, we doubled the Cape of Good Hope; on our voyage home, we doubled Cape Horn—performing, in all, a journey of upward of thirty thousand miles, and sailing once, at least, round the world.

"As there are fifty-four of our comrades who were under Von Schoultz, still in captivity, we think it a duty to them and their relatives, to offer the public an account of their present circumstances, so far as the same are known to us.

"To do this in the most satisfactory manner, we here name them severally. They are all in tolerable health, except Thomas Stockton, who is in a consumption. Severe treatment and other causes, which it would only excite unkind feelings for us to dwell upon, have made great inroads upon many constitutions, once very strong; and should it be the pleasure of the British Government to release them, seeing that it is on the most friendly terms with ours, and perfect peace prevailing on this continent, their wives, sisters, parents and other relatives may expect to meet with men broken down, care-worn, or in many, if not in most cases, friends who have painfully endured a very heavy, and, as some think, most unmerited bondage.

"Their names are: David Allen, Orlin Blodgett, George T. Brown, Robert G. Collins, Luther Darby, William Gates, John Morrisset, James Pearce, Joseph Thomson, John Berry, Chauncey Bugby, Patrick White, Thomas Baker, John Cronkhite, John Thomas, Nathan Whiting, Riley Whitney, Edward A. Wilson, Samuel Washburn, Bemis Woodbury, John Bradley, James Inglish, Joseph Lafore, Daniel Liscomb, Hiram Loop, Calvin and Chauncey Matthews, Andrew Moore, Jehiel H. Martin, Hugh Calhoun, Leonard Delano, Moses A. Dutcher, Elon Fellowes, Michael Frier, Manuel Garrison, Gideon A. Goodrich, Nelson and Jeremiah Griggs, John Gillman, Daniel D. Heustis, Garret Hicks, David House, Hiram Sharp, Henry Shew, Orin W. Smith, Joseph W. Stewart, Foster Martin, Ira Polly, Jacob Paddock, William and Solomon Reynolds, Asa H. Richardson, and John G. Swansburgh. Also T. Stockton, who is in ill health.

"The following Prescott prisoners are dead: Anson Owen, Asa Priest, Lysander Curtis, John Stuart of Ohio, William Nottage, and Andrew Leaper.

"The above are nearly all Americans. The prisoners from Windsor and the Short Hills, partly Canadian and partly from the United States, are in tolerable health, except Robert Marsh, who is consumptive. Their names are, Chauncey Sheldon, Elijah C. Woodman, Michael Murray, John H. Simmons, Alvin B. Sweet, Simeon Goodrich, James M. Acheson, Elijah Stevens, John C. Williams, Samuel Snow, Riley M. Stewart, John Sprague, John B. Tyrrell, James DeWitt Fero, Henry V. Barnum, John

Varnum, James Waggoner, Norman Mallory, Horace Cooley, John Grant, Lynus W. Miller (student at law,) and Joseph Stewart.

"Of these, L. W. Miller and Joseph Stewart are at Port Arthur, a place of additional punishment. They attempted to recover their freedom, and suffer accordingly.

"The prisoners were in hopes that when President Tyler and Mr. Webster concluded the late Treaty with Britain, through Lord Ashburton, and when Canada got a new constitution, their hard fate would be remembered; but no one of these on the island knows of any steps taken for a release. Mr. Everett, our minister at London, told us he was doing what he could for his unhappy countrymen, but thought it was very doubtful whether they would be allowed again to see their native land. We were five months on the passage from Van Dieman's Land to London, and Mr. Everett got us a ship to New-York.

"We say it with truth and sincerity, that we would not *of choice* pass the rest of our lives on Van Dieman's Land, if the whole island were given to us in freehold as a gift; and as there can be no fear that our unfortunate friends who remain there will ever again desire to interfere with Canada, we would entreat the generous and humane to exert themselves to procure their release. We have not to complain of unusual harshness toward ourselves, and yet both of us have often wished to be relieved by death from the horrid bondage entailed on those who were situated as we were. To be obliged to drag out an existence in such a convict colony, and among such a population, is, in itself, a punishment severe beyond our power to describe.

"Several parties, in all about one thousand five hundred men, were placed last May under proper officers by the governor, for the purpose of securing four criminals guilty of murder, &c. We were in one of these parties by whom the criminals were secured; and this and general good conduct procured several persons their liberty, among whom we two were so fortunate as to be included.

"Morrisset, Murry, and Lafore, are, we think, from Lower Canada.

"We can speak more decidedly as to our comrades from Prescott, Windsor, and the Short Hills, above named, because when we got our freedom, we visited most of them, though scattered through the interior of the country, following their several trades or occupations. One of us, Aaron Dresser, resides in Alexandria, Jefferson county—the other, Stephen S. Wright, lives in Denmark, Lewis county, both in New-York State. We will be happy to reply to any post-paid letters from the relatives of our comrades, and to give them any further information in our power.

"AARON DRESSER,
"STEPHEN S. WRIGHT."

THE END.

APPENDIX.

NOTE FIRST.

The cause of the Patriots at the battle of Prescott, justified by the Reverend Marcus Smith, of the Presbyterian Church at Watertown, in a funeral discourse delivered by him, December 9, 1839. The following is a brief extract:

"But if they went to liberate the oppressed, to give to a people crushed by superior force, and awed into reluctant submission by military fortresses and a standing army, the opportunity to assert their rights and maintain them—if they had reason to believe that a large majority of the people of Canada were partial to a republican form of government, and were anxious and able to prove their patriotism by an honorable appeal to arms, then their motives were benevolent and patriotic; and though they might have been deceived by misrepresentations as to the number of the reformers, or revolutionists; though they might have erred on the practicability of the enterprise, I am yet to be convinced that the Spartan band who fell, and who were taken at Prescott, deserve the opprobrious epithets of brigands and robbers.

"These young men were born and nurtured under a republican government, and the only intelligent and stable republican government on earth. They were familiar with the history of the Revolution, and the struggles of the patriots of '76, and their sympathies had been alternately awakened by those nations on the eastern and western continents, who had attempted to achieve their freedom; and it was a settled principle of their political faith, that every nation and people had a right to throw off an aristocratical government, assert their independence, and assume a government more in accordance with justice, humanity, and inalienable rights. Their sympathies were republican, and they would have been hypocrites, and unworthy of the inheritance left them by their fathers, if they had not sympathized with those who were struggling for independence. Republican patriotism is not a phantom of the brain, but a deep principle of the heart. * * * What if they could see that the enterprise and the invasion was a violation of the laws of neutrality, and placed their only hope in the prompt redemption of those pledges they had received from the Canadians? yet do these considerations prove that in the sight of God and justice, these young men are to be ranked with freebooters and pirates? Are they to be ranked with the blood-thirsty clans of the interior of Asia? Young men, brought up in virtuous and christian families, and among peaceful and intelligent companions; are these men to be associated with the crimsoned assassin, who, to gratify his avarice, and to glut his vengeance, destroys his victim and lives on the spoil?

"In my opinion, justice and the page of history will never fix so foul an imputation on this unfortunate band of youth. They have no such motives to confess to

God or to man, and whatever character and awards may be assigned them by the laws of nations or the court-martial of Canada, the decision of a Higher Court will show that they were influenced by sympathy for the oppressed, and by love to that form of government, most equal, just, and approved of God. Some might have been influenced by the vain ambition of being the first to plant the Standard of Liberty in Canada; some might have been influenced by pride, and abhorrence of the charge of cowardice; some may have been lured by the prospect and proffers of a reward of some of the consecrated glebes of that country, or some of the unoccupied wilds of the north. There are always visions and accompaniments of every enterprise.

NOTE SECOND.

William Lyon Mackenzie clears his skirts of this unfortunate expedition in the following words:

"Of the getting up of this expedition, as we remarked before, we know nothing. Of its failure, those of our citizens who were spectators after the arrival of the expedition on Monday, can have but one opinion. There were ample means both in men and munitions, *and no want of courage or disposition so far as most of the men were concerned*, to have captured Prescott. Indeed, Prescott might have been as easily taken as Ogdensburgh—and every one knows that Ogdensburgh surrendered without firing a gun, and remained in possession of the leaders of the expedition and such of their men as would not go over to Canada without them, for nearly a week. To the want of courage, then, in those who secretly or publicly directed this expedition, is the failure to capture Prescott to be attributed. The execution of this project by the leaders of the expedition (for it seemed to be well-planned) is evidence, if evidence were wanting, that all efforts of this kind must depend for success *upon a better foundation* than any other impulses or motives of action than an open, bold, inherent love of liberty for its own sake, and an uncompromising hatred of tyranny and oppression."

The enemies of Mr. Mackenzie wished to attribute all the blame of the failure to him. He had nothing to do with the expedition, save the agitating the great cause of freedom. It was those who were immediately concerned that the public ought to bring to retribution for the ungenerous part they acted in the battle of Prescott.

NOTE THIRD.

Of what does Canada complain? The following extracts will show in what manner she was aggrieved:

"Of what does Canada complain?—Of absence of security for life and property; of taxation without representation; of the destruction of the liberty of the press; of the suspension of the *habeas corpus;* of packed juries; of a judiciary bribed by, and entirely dependent on, the crown; of the profligate waste of the public revenue among swarms of foreign officials; of the division of the public lands among companies of foreign stock-jobbers and speculators, to the injury and degradation of in-

dustrious agriculturists and emigrants; of education for the rich and none for the poor; of a dominant court-established church; of the banishment, exile, imprisonment, plunder, and wanton murder of Americans and other liberals; of the annihilation of the colonial constitution; of the abolition of all representative form of government, and of the erection on the ruins thereof of an arbitrary and vindictive military despotism."

From Mrs. Jameson's Rambles.

"I saw, of course, something of the state of feeling on both sides, (says Mrs. Jameson in her preface,) but not enough to venture a word on the subject. *Upper Canada* appeared to me loyal in spirit, but resentful and repining under the sense of injury, and suffering from the total absence of all sympathy on the part of the English Government with the condition, the wants, the feelings, the capabilities of the people and country. I do not mean to say that this want of sympathy *now* exists to the same extent as formerly; it has been abruptly and painfully awakened, but it has too long existed. In climate, in soil, in natural productions of every kind, the Upper Province appeared to me superior to the Lower Province, and well calculated to become the inexhaustible timber-yard and granary of the Mother Country. The want of a sea-port, the want of security of property, the general mismanagement of the government lands—these seemed to me the most prominent causes of the physical depression of this splendid country, while the poverty and deficient education of the people, and a plentiful lack of public spirit in those who were not of the people, seemed sufficiently to account for the moral depression everywhere visible. Add a system of mistakes and mal-administration, not chargeable to any one individual, or any one measure, but to the whole tendency of our colonial government; the perpetual change of officials and change of measurses; the fluctuation of principles destroying all public confidence, and a degree of ignorance relative to the country itself, not credible except to those who may have visited it; and these three things together, the want of knowledge, the want of judgment, the want of sympathy, on the part of the Government, how can we be surprised at the strangely anomalous condition of the governed? that of a land absolutely teeming with the richest capabilities, yet poor in population, in wealth, and in energy."

NOTE FOURTH.

The following letters are taken from "Mackenzie's Gazette," of November 24, 1838, regarding the affair of the Windmill.

"Ogdensburgh, Friday, Nov. 17.

"Dear Sir

"I hasten to give you the latest news, although such as I have to relate, at present, is indeed melancholy. The Patriots have, until to-day, fairly held their own; but this day at noon, the Cobourg and five other steamboats, brought down eight hundred British regular troops, and some of the heaviest cannon in the province. These, added to one thousand militia, were too much for the Patriots. They were surrounded by land, and the steamboats kept up a murderous fire from the river. The Patriots fought nobly, but it was of no use; they were driven back and scattered. At sunset they held out a flag of truce, which, though displayed three times,

the British did not regard; they had orders to 'GIVE NO QUARTERS, AND TAKE NO PRISONERS!' At this time, two of the houses occupied by the Patriots are burning, and the British regulars are around the windmill, looking on, but not molested. There is no firing now on either side.

"From all appearances, the Patriots are totally routed and annihilated! It is barely possible that a very few may have escaped, but probably not one will live to tell the tale.

"The excitement here is tremendous; the utmost indignation prevails against the *Patriot officers and leaders.* It is a solemn truth, that there was but one general officer in the action! Had it not been for such cowardly scoundrels as W——J——, B——, P——, N——, and several more such, this result would not have taken place. Their lives are almost threatened by several of our most respectable citizens, and they may suffer yet for sending innocent and brave men where they *dare not go themselves!*

"The battle was most splendid—about two thousand fighting at a time; the number of killed and wounded in this engagement cannot fall much short of five hundred. You may imagine how true and faithful the Patriots at the windmill fought, when I tell you that P—— K—— and a few more went to them last night, at the hazard of their lives, to take them off their position, but they refused to leave, saying that they were confident their friends would not desert them, and that there were thousands of men in —— county, bound by their oaths to assist them, and that they would abide the issue. And now they are all, or nearly all, MURDERED!

"Respectfully, &c.

"J. M. DOTY

"4 o'clock, P. M.

"Mr. Jonah Woodruff has this moment arrived from Ogdensburgh, which place he left at noon, yesterday. He saw one man—a Pole—who escaped, and who supposed himself to be the only one left alive. The Patriots rushed out of the mill, at, or soon after sunset, with three white flags, but they were all speared as they went out. The mill was then filled with British troops, and the Pole—who escaped—with two others, who had secreted themselves in the lower part of the mill, mingled with the British troops, but his two companions were killed; he himself escaped by wearing the coat of Lieutenant Johnson, who was killed on Tuesday.

"The Patriot force in the mill numbered one hundred and eleven men, besides eleven wounded.

"It is supposed that Colonel Von Schoultz, a Pole, who commanded the Patriot force, killed himself."

"OGDENSBURGH, Friday, Nov. 16.

"DEAR SIR:

"I hasten to give you the latest news, which is indeed melancholy. The Patriots have until to-day, fairly held their own; but to-day at noon, the Cobourg and five other boats, brought down eight hundred British regular troops, and some of the heaviest cannon in the province. These, added to one thousand militia, were too much for the Patriots They were surrounded by land, and the steamboats kept up a murderous fire from the river. The Patriots fought nobly, but it was of no use; they were driven back and scattered.

At sunset they held out a flag of truce, which, though displayed three times, the British did not regard; they had orders to "GIVE NO QUARTER, AND TAKE NO PRISONERS!" At this time two of the houses occupied by the Patriots are burn-

ing, and the British regulars are around the windmill, looking on, but not molested. There is no firing now on either side.

"From all appearances the Patriots are totally routed and annihilated. It is barely possible that a very few may have escaped, but probably not one will live to tell the tale.

"The battle was most splendid—about 2000 fighting at a time; the number of killed and wounded in this engagement cannot fall much short of 500. You may imagine how true and faithful the Patriots at the windmill fought, when I tell you that P——— K——— and a few more went to them last night, at the hazard of their lives, to take them off their position, but they refused to leave, saying that they were confident their friends would not desert them, that there were thousands of men in ——— county, bound by their oaths to assist them, and that they would abide the issue. And now they are all, or nearly all, MURDERED!

"Respectfully yours,

"J. M. DOTY"

"4 o'clock, P. M.

"Mr. Jonah Woodruff has this moment arrived from Ogdensburgh, which place he left at noon yesterday. He saw one man, a Pole, who escaped, and who supposed himself to be the only one left alive. The Patriots rushed out of the mill, at, or soon after sunset, with three white flags, but they were all speared as they went out.

"The mill was then filled with British troops, and the Pole—who escaped—with two others who had secreted themselves in the lower part of the mill, mingled with the British troops, but his two companions were killed; he himself escaped by wearing the coat of Lieutenant Johnson, who was killed on Tuesday. The Patriot force in the mill numbered 111 men, besides 11 wounded. Col. Woodruff, of Salina, is said to be among the number killed.

ROYALIST ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE OF THE 16th INST.

Yesterday evening, the following dispatch from the Hon. Lieut. Dundas of the 83rd. Regiment, was received at Head Quarters, Montreal. We trust that the American brigands have only escaped the bullet and bayonet, to terminate their career on the scaffold.—[Herald.

PRESCOTT, Nov. 16, 1838.

"SIR:

"I have the honor to acquaint you, for the information of His Excellency the Commander of the Forces, that I came down here yesterday from Kingston with four companies of the 83rd Regiment, two 18 pounders, and a howitzer, and made up from the town to a position about four hundred yards from the windmill, and adjoining houses occupied by the brigands. They did not move or come out of the houses to oppose my advance. The 18 pounders opened with good effect upon the stone building near the mill. Capt. Sandon, with two gunboats, in which he carried two 18 pounders, took up a position below the windmill, which he commanded, but not with much effect. After cannonading these buildings for an hour, or rather more, and observing the brigands to be quitting them and endeavoring to escape, I ordered

the troops to advance; very little resistance was offered by the party occupying the windmill, but a small fire was opposed to us from the adjoining stone building.

"It being dark before the troops got round these buildings, and the brigands in the windmill having displayed a white flag, they were summoned to surrender themselves unconditionally, which they did. Eighty-six prisoners were immediately secured, and sixteen others, who were wounded, were removed from the mill as soon as convenience could be found; a large supply of arms, twenty-six kegs of powder, and three pieces of ordnance fell into our hands.

"Some of the brigands effected their escape from the buildings when darkness came on, and hid themselves in the brushwood on the bank under the mill. I directed the militia to scour this bank, and several prisoners were secured, among others a Pole, calling himself Gen. Von Schoultz, who, it is understood, was the principal leader. All buildings adjoining the mill we destroyed, but the latter I directed to be occupied by a company of militia, and propose that it should be so, or entirely demolished.

"I am happy to say the service was performed with the loss of one man only of the 83rd Regiment.

"Your most obedient servant,

"H. DUNDAS,

"Lieut. Col. 83rd Reg't Commandant.

Capt. Coldie, A. D. C., Montreal."

NOTE FIFTH.

For the following notices and letters, the author is indebted to the "Onondaga Standard," "Oswego Bulletin," and "Mackenzie's Gazette."

COLONEL VON SCHOULTZ'S LETTER.

"Fort Henry, Dec. 1, 1838.

"Dear Sir:

"I take the liberty to address you some few lines, begging you to make publicly known the kind and civil treatment we have experienced from the officers and men belonging to the eighty-third Regiment, so that if any member of that corps should travel in the United States, our friends there may show them our gratitude. We may fairly say that we owe our lives to them, because, had they not protected us after we surrendered, *the militia would surely have killed the greater number of us.* The sheriff, in whose keeping we are, has treated us most kindly, and done everything in his power to better the situation in which we were thrown by the miserable cowardice of General Birge, Bill Johnston, and their officers. If our prayers were heard, those base rascals would have been delivered over to the British Government by our own; and we would then meet our own fate with perfect resignation.

"When, on Monday night, the general did not come over or send us any reënforcement, and when none of the inhabitants or regulars did join us, the men, about one hundred and seventy in number, begged me to take the command, and lead them back to the United States. We had then not a single boat for use, and the British steamer Experiment, kept up a vigilant look-out on the river. We defended ourselves for some time against a superior enemy, during which time, I was confident boats would be sent from the American shore to our assistance. None were pro-

cured, however, by the cowards. Tuesday morning we were attacked by land and water, at about seven o'clock; the firing ceased at three o'clock in the afternoon, when the British withdrew and left us in our position. We had about thirty killed and wounded. I had, during the night, sent a man across the river on a plank, for boats. Tuesday evening, the general's adjutant came over, telling me a schooner would be over to take us away. We carried our wounded down on the bank, and waited with anxiety for the arrival of the vessel, but none arrived. Wednesday passed away, and the British began to surround us with considerable forces, harassing our flanks continually. I think, Thursday night a steamer from the American shore approached us, and we were informed by a couple of men sent ashore, that it was to take us away. We again carried out our wounded, but some few rifle shots from the British frightened the cowards away, and we were again left to ourselves.

"Friday, at about mid-day, a parley came from the British, for the purpose of taking away the killed that remained on the field, and I delivered over to him the British wounded I had taken up, as I had no medical stores of any kind, and it would have been a base and unmanly policy to augment the sufferings of the wounded enemy. One hour's cessation of hostilities was granted for burying our dead, but having no shovels, we could not do it—when the time was out, the British steamers came down with heavy artillery, and the battle began. As I could get no one to take the defence of the house on our left flank, I went there myself with ten men. As I had suspected, that house was most strenuously attacked. From the situation of the house, I was not able to see how it went on in the other houses and the mill. We must have been surrounded by at least two thousand men, and a detachment of the eighty-third Regiment. My whole number of men, when this last battle began, was one hundred and eight.

"I kept my position, though the roof crumbled to pieces over our heads, by the British fire from their artillery, until dark, when I was informed that all had surrendered: I also then surrendered. I was stripped to the shirt sleeves by the militia, in the first moment of anger and fury. Even my bonnet was taken away. I lost my watch, trunk, money, and the clothing I had on.

"We are tried by court-martial! I have had my trial—am prepared for death.

"Yours truly,

"S. VON SCHOULTZ.

"J. R. PARKER, Esq., Oswego."

From the Oswego Bulletin.

THE MEMORY OF VON SCHOULTZ.

From a company of heroes, whose deeds shall hereafter furnish rich theme for "sweet lyre," I select one, whose name even now makes burn with fiercer fires the youthful blood; and age, when heedful of his virtue, mourns his early loss, and claims for him revenge. It is the name of VON SCHOULTZ—a Polish patriot—driven by the oppressor's rod from his native land, he sought and found an asylum here The story of Canadian wrongs early found in him a sympathizing listener. In fancy, he again saw Poland writhing under the despot's heel, and a stranger in a strange land, he opened his bosom to the complaints of the oppressed. "Where liberty dwelt there was his country." For her had he crossed the Atlantic wave, and stand-

ing on our shores, did her far-off voice of sorrow pierce the intervening gloom; and he determined yet once more to strike for her a blow, and give the houseless wanderer a home.

He has fallen—but not amid the stern conflict of the heady fight his genius had directed and his commanding valor sustained. He is gone—but not from the hard fought field of his glory did his immortal spirit take its flight. No—amid the execrations of maudlin brutality, and the fiend huzzas of a rabble rout, was that noble man conducted as a felon to the gallows; and there alone, with enemies, though all unconquered still, did he submit in death to *British mercy!!*

"KINGSTON JAIL, 7th December, 1838.

"When you get this letter I am no more. I have been informed that my execution will take place to-morrow. May God forgive them who brought me to this untimely death. I have made up my mind, and I forgive them. To-day I have been promised a lawyer, to draw up my will. I have appointed you my executor of said will. I wrote to you in my former letter about my body. If the British government permit it, I wish it may be delivered to you to be buried on your farm. I have no time to write long to you, because I have great need of communicating with my Creator, and preparing for his presence. The time has been very short that has been allowed. My last wish to the Americans is, that they may not think of avenging my death. Let no further blood be shed; and believe me, from what I have seen, that all the stories that were told about the sufferings of the Canadian people, were untrue. Give my love to your sister, and tell her I think on her as on my mother. God reward her for all her kindness. I further beg you to take care of W. Johnston, so that he may find an honorable bread. Farewell, my dear friend! God bless and protect you.

(Signed.)

"S. VON SCHOULTZ

"To WARREN GREEN, Esq., Salina, State of New-York, United States."

From the Franklin Gazette.

COLONEL VON SCHOULTZ.

Attempts have recently been made by the Tories of Canada, and their friends and coadjutors in the States, to produce the impression that this lamented martyr of liberty was a Russian emissary, sent to this country by the Emperor Nicholas to aid the rebelion in Canada. To rescue the name of Von Schoultz from the disgrace and infamy which such a charge, if established, would bring upon it, we copy the following extract from a letter to the editor of the Syracuse Standard.

NILES GUSTAF SCHOBTEWISKII VON SCHOULTZ was of Swedish descent, a Pole by birth, and of noble extraction. He had just finished an education, which versed him deeply in the Sciences, both useful and ornamental, and had acquired the highest literary honors of the principal and most celebrated Universities of Northern Europe, when he found himself engaged in that sanguinary and unequal contest between Poland and Russia, the unhappy termination of which lost to himself a country, and to that unfortunate country everything but a name. As he was ever extremely modest in his pretensions, I have seldom heard him revert to personal achievements incidental to events so memorable, and then only under circumstances of the highest excitement. But I have learnt from these occasional departures from self-reserve,

and incontestibly from other sources, that the important part he enacted was brilliant with heoric adventures and hair-breadth escapes, the bare recital of which is calculated to enchain and captivate the most casual listener. Certain it is, he signalized himself amid a host of heroes, for his rise was sudden, from the comparative obscurity of the scholar to the very responsible command of a colonel.

"In that sanguinary and decisive struggle before the walls of Warsaw, his father and a brother fell martyrs to the sacred cause of liberty. His mother and a sister fled in the disguise of peasants, but were taken and banished to Russia, and are now confined to a space of ten miles square of that Empire. Himself gashed and scarred with wounds, but covered with imperishable glory—a fugitive wandering from country to country—friends and fortune lost, despoiled of home and kindred, with a constitution much impared, he finally effected a landing on our shores, commonly denominated "the home of the brave and the land of the free." He evidently has been a traveller, as is to be inferred from his own declarations, as well as from rich stores of information he has acquired from actual observation. Sweden, Denmark, Finland, Lapland, Norway, Germany, Holland, Austria, Italy, Switzerland, France, Spain, Portugal, England, and finally America have been the theatre of his travels, and he had not only acquired a general geographical knowledge of them all but an intimate acquaintance with the habits, manners and customs of their inhabitants. I have heard him dwell long and eloquently on these, to me, novel and interesting topics—of Polar snows, and Italian skies, and of burning African suns—he had served beneath the scorching rays of the latter, and dwelt under the benign influence of the former—of Florence, its statuary, its picture galleries, and above all, of the urbanity and hospitality of its inhabitants, he was ecstatic in praise. He spoke eight different dialects, but, at the time of his arrival here, he had only an imperfect knowledge of our own. His contiguity to, and his father's interest in the celebrated mines of Cracow, led him to an intimate knowledge of the manufacture of our principal and staple article, salt. Thrown upon his own resourses, in a land of strangers, divested of every vestige of property, but a few valuable family relics, he cast about him with his usual energy for the means of a livelihood, and these considerations brought him to the Onondaga salines in the fall of 1836. Here he fitted up a small laboratory—made his experiments—became confirmed in the truth of his own theory, and succeeded in convincing, at least one individual, of the practicability and utility of his improvement. In short he proceeded to Washington—obtained Letters Patent—visited and analyzed the principal springs in Virginia—made the most favorable impressions wherever he extended his business or acquaintance, and finally returned here according to promise, and put two of our furnaces in operation on his plan *successfully*. While here, he listened to the current report of Patriot suffering, of the oppressors and the oppressed, of a vast population, seven-tenths of which waited the coming of the liberators with open and extended arms. His sympathizing soul was fired at the thought of again being permitted to strike for freedom—his enthusiastic recklessness of danger led him into its very vortex, and he has perished—ignominiously perished.

"On a review of the sparkling incidents of his brief and romantic career, I still think on him as the creature of a high wrought fancy rather than of sober reality—like a meteor of uncommon brilliancy, which has suddenly illumined the path of my dull existence, and as suddenly disappeared for ever.

"WARREN GREEN.

"Salina, December 28, 1838."

The Onondaga Standard contains the following sketch of the life of Colonel Von Schoultz.

"He is a Polish refugee of a noble family, having commanded a regiment in the

Polish revolution. His father was a general in the Polish army, and fell in the sanguinary contest under the walls of Warsaw. The son was made a prisoner, but with seventeen of his companions in arms, made his escape from the Russian Guards, and reached this country. The two other Poles, named as prisoners at Kingston, belonged to his regiment in his native country. Von Schoultz has resided in this town, a part of the time, for three years. He discovered a method of refining the brine of the Salt Springs of some of its impurities, which was deemed valuable upon the Canhawa river, though not employed to any great extent here. He once sold his patent for one hundred thousand dollars, though we know not how much he ever realized from the sale.

"Von Schoultz is esteemed by those who know him, as a gentleman, a man of science, a brave soldier, and a true patriot. He engaged in this expedition, *because he was told that it was in the cause of liberty.* Some incidents are related by those who have witnessed his conduct at the windmill and at Prescott, which prove him to have been a good engineer, a skilful commander, and a man of the most fearless intrepidity. Had he fallen in battle, we might have regretted his fate, without impugning its justice; but it would be a reproach to the very name of Englishman, through all succeeding time, if this chivalrous champion of freedom should be made to expiate his errors—if errors they be—upon a scaffold."

NOTE SIXTH.

For the following documents, the author is indebted to the kindness of G. M. Bucklin, of Carthage, Jefferson county.

MR. ABBEY TO HIS SON.

"Fort Henry, Tuesday night, Dec. 11, 1838.

"Arm yourself my dear boy with fortitude, to hear the sad intelligence, that ere these lines meet your eye, I am numbered with the dead. My zeal in the cause of universal freedom has eventually cost me my life. But let it be remembered, that the unfortunate expedition I was engaged in, took a direction contrary to my views; but in this affair you can take no interest at present, or at any other time further than my reputation is concerned; time will develope facts, when my conduct and intentions will be known and appreciated.

"When our condition became hopeless, I could have taken opportunity to have made my escape across the line, but I could not bear the thoughts of deserting those brave, and many of them, worthy and amiable young men to destruction; life, thus preserved, would not be worth possessing.

"In relation to my pecuniary affairs, you must be frequently with and advise with my friends' counsel, and also with Mr. Wiley, and if it should be necessary to sell any of my real estate, let the village property be sold if possible.

"As regards yourself, cultivate your mind, associate with honorable men, aim high and let all your motives be of an exalted character; and now, my beloved son, I bid you adieu for ever.

"DORREPHUS ABBEY."

TO HIS DAUGHTERS.

"December 11, 1838.

"My dear Daughters:

"Many severe trials have awaited you from your earliest childhood, but that which you have now to endure, will require all your firmness; you are now left without a parent. *To-morrow morning closes my earthly scenes.* You have to bear up under the most tremendous ordeal that the mind of female sensibility ever endured. But I have the consolation to believe, that your fortitude is equal to every contingency and event of human life; without the exercise of such sentiments, existence would scarcely be a blessing. I leave you now orphans under the protection, I trust, of my relations and personal friends. I particularly commend you to a great friend of your mother, Mrs. Woodruff. Mr. Wiley will no doubt take much interest in your welfare. I write from a gloomy cell, lying upon a bed of straw; the guard will soon call for the light, and I must close. Since my sentence, I could not procure materials for writing, till this late hour of my existence, which have just been furnished me by an officer of the garrison, by direction of the sheriff. Present me kindly to kindred and friends. I cannot discriminate: so farewell, my dear children. Your affectionate father,

"DORREPHUS ABBEY.

"To Amelia Augusta and Arabella Abbey.

"I slept soundly and quietly last night; I now feel as though I could meet the event with composure. The guard has not yet called. "D. A."

"Fort Henry, November 28, 1838.

"My dear son:

"I this moment received your letter by the hands of the sheriff. I am in want of nothing but what my friends at Watertown have already provided. Tell your dear sisters that one or both of them had better go to Oswego. As for yourself, take good counsel. * * * * * * * * * * * * *

"Whatever may be my fate, you must exercise firmness and resignation commensurate to the trial; we must sooner or later part; it is of no great moment when and in what manner I take my exit. If my life is sacrificed, I have the approbation of an approving conscience, having been governed by integrity of purpose. Great delusion has, however, been entertained in relation to public opinion in Canada. They are not prepared for republican institutions. All governments should conform to the genius of the people.

"Your affectionate father,

"DORREPHUS ABBEY."

From Mackenzie's Journal of 1838.

December 12, 1838.—Dorrephus Abbey and Daniel George, of Watertown, New-York, hung at Kingston for defending American freedom. Captain Abbey left two orphan children; was a native of Connecticut, a printer by profession. Mr. Southwick says he employed him in his office, that he was an excellent workman, sober and correct in his habits, became an editor of a journal in this State, was frugal and industrious, enjoying the respect of society; brave, sincere, and a republican from principle. He died on the same scaffold as Von Schoultz, a martyr to the cause

of '76. His blood cries for vengeance!!! It is said that Mrs. George was refused a sight of her husband, till he was dead.

NOTE SEVENTH.

DECEMBER 10, 1838. Execution of Colonel MARTIN WOODRUFF, at Kingston He was a deputy sheriff, Salina, Onondaga county, New-York. His enthusiasm in favor of the Canadians was boundless—he came to Navy Island, with aid to the Patriots—was ready to serve at French Creek had there been a commander, and exhibited great coolness and courage at the windmill. A few militia officers were collected, who ordered him to execution. The Kingston Spectator thus describes the scene of his murder, of which Victoria and her bloody cabinet heartily approved. "This gallant soldier was, about sunrise, brought from Fort Henry upon a rough carter's train or sleigh, attended by two priests, escorted by a party of volunteer cavalry, to the jail, and soon after to the door leading to the scaffold, when the sheriff read Arthur's warrant to execute him; he was then placed on the platform, the cap pulled over his face, and the hangman fastened the rope to a hook in the beam over head. The platform fell and presented a revolting, disgusting, and disgraceful scene. The knot, instead of drawing tight under his ear, was brought to the chin; it did not slip, but left space enough to put a hand within; the chief weight of the body bearing upon the rope at the back of the neck The body was in great agitation, and seemed to suffer greatly. The spectators said it was shameful management; when two hangmen came out, endeavored to *strangle* the sufferer, and not having succeeded, they returned again to their disgusting work." The Port Ontario Aurora says: "his neck was not broken till the hangman on the cross-tree had pulled him up by the collar and let him fall four times in succession. After this, the inhuman brute struck his heels several times into the breast of the dying man! Shame on the *civilized* barbarians! No wonder the biped blood-hounds are hunted by the avenging assassin."

NOTE EIGHTH.

THE following extracts show how much honor Sir Allan MacNab and Captain Drew deserve from Americans.

"The steamboat Caroline took out a license at Buffalo as a ferryboat for passengers—sailed to Tonawanda—thence to Schlosser, and twice between it and Navy Island—Schlosser contains an old store-house and a small inn. At five o'clock in the evening, the Caroline was moored at the wharf—the tavern being very full, a number of the gentlemen took beds in the boat—in all, about thirty-three persons slept there. A watch was placed on deck at eight o'clock, the watchmen unarmed—there was only one pocket-pistol on board, and no powder; at midnight, the Caroline was attacked by five boats, full of armed men, from the English army at Chippewa, who killed (as themselves say) six men, or as the American account has

it, eleven. A number were severely wounded, as the people in the American port could make no resistance. To kill them was, therefore, a wanton assassination The cry of the assailants was, 'G—d d—n them—no quarter—fire! fire!' Amos Durfee, of Buffalo, was found dead upon the dock, a musket-ball having passed through his head. The Caroline sailed under the American flag, which the assailants took to Toronto, and displayed at annual festivals, in honor of this outrage. She was set in a blaze, cut adrift and sent over the Falls of Niagara. We witnessed the dreadful scene from Navy Island. The thrilling cry ran around that there were living souls on board; and as the vessel, wrapt in vivid flame, which disclosed her doom as it shone brightly on the water, was hurrying down the resistless rapids to the tremendous cataract, the thunder of which, more awfully distinct in the midnight stillness, horrified every mind with the presence of their inevitable fate; numbers caught, in fancy, the wails of dying wretches, hopelessly perishing by the double horrors of a fate which nothing could avert; and watched with agonized attention the flaming mass, till it was hurried over the Falls to be crushed in everlasting darkness in the unfathomed tomb of waters below. Several Canadians who left the Island in the Caroline that evening, to return next day, have not since been heard of, and doubtless were among the murdered, or hid on board, and perished with the ill-fated vessel. Why did the English pass Navy Island, in Canada, where the Patriots had hoisted their flag, and waited for them, and attack an unarmed boat in New-York State, in the dead of night, and butcher them in cold-blood! Sir Francis Head planned, ordered, and sanctioned the whole massacre; the Queen of England, and her government, approved of it and rewarded the villains. Drew is raised to the rank of Captain of the Royal Navy, and commands on Lake Erie; and McNab is knighted, and received the Royal thanks. ☞Sir John Colborne is also created Lord Seaton!☜

"McNab, in his dispatches, says: 'I was informed by *citizens* from Buffalo, that the Caroline would be down that night.' The editor of the Star stated that he understood that Doctor Thomas M. Foote, of the Commercial, and John McLean, ex-judge of Seneca county, were that night McNab's guests in his camp. Was it so? The honorable John Elmsley, Toronto, a member of Head's Government, attended the anniversary dinner there, in honor of the *heroes* who defeated the Yankees. He said: 'After a desperate engagement of some minutes, she was fired, and rode upon the waters a blazing beacon of infamy until she sunk into the abyss beneath,' (loud cheers.) 'Gentlemen, *I glory in having been one of those who destroyed this boat.*' On the same night, (29th December, '38,) says the Montreal Herald, 'Colonel Holmes and the officers of his brigade, held their first regimental mess-dinner at Orr's hotel. The room was decorated with transparencies of her majesty, the Duke of Wellington, Brittania, the steamer Caroline in flames, descending the Falls of Niagara, and a globe, with the motto, 'The British empire, on which the sun never sets.'"

NOTE NINTH.

This extract shows that the Windsor prisoners had about as hard fate as ourselves—another evidence of ferocity of English tyrants:

December 4, 1838. Battle of Windsor.—The refugees and their friends, one undred and sixty-four strong, with arms for themselves only, borrow a steamboat

and cross from Detroit to Windsor, U. C.; their watchword "Remember Prescott!" they attack the barracks, carry and burn them; *burn* a British steamboat; take twenty-five prisoners, touch no private property; are attacked by Colonel Prince, the militia, and a party of regulars from Sandwich; a division only of their party engaged in the defence, and fight nobly; Colonel Putnam, a Canadian, nephew of the celebrated General Putnam of the American Revolution, is killed; also Major Harvell, a gallant Kentuckyan, and Captain Lewis; the patrols retreat; some of them taken by Prince, an English attorney from Cheltenham; he murders four of his prisoners, without trial, several hours after the engagement. His letters to Airey said that "of the brigands and pirates twenty-one were killed, *besides four who were brought in just at the close and immediately after the engagement, all of whom I ordered to be shot upon the spot, and which was done accordingly.*" Putnam was an American born, forty-five years of age, and left a widow and eight children in Canada. His wife is the niece of General Herkimer He wrapt the tri-colored flag round his mangled body, lay down, and expired.

Before leaving the field, Adjutant Cheesman, of the 2nd Essex, brought up a prisoner whom he had taken. He surrendered him to Colonel Prince, who ordered him to be immediately shot on the spot, and it was done. The man was first shot in the shoulder, and severely though not mortally wounded; a second shot carried away part of his cheek; a third wounded him in the neck, after which he was bayoneted to death! The second prisoner (who was wounded,) was brought into the town of Sandwich, *at least two hours after the engagement*, and was ordered to be shot on the spot. It was proposed to give him "*a run for his life.*" This barbarous proposition was acceded to, and in an instant a dozen muskets were levelled for his execution. At this moment Colonel William Elliott exclaimed, '*D—n you, you cowardly rascals, are you going to murder your prisoner?*" This exclamation for one instant retarded the fire of the party, but in the next the prisoner was brought to the ground; he sprang again to his feet and ran round the corner of the fence, where he was met and shot through the head. His name was BENNETT, late a resident in the London District. *His death took place in our most public street, and in the presence of several ladies and children.* Another prisoner named DENNISON, also wounded and unarmed, taken after the action, was brought in during the morning. Charles Elliot, Esq., who was present when Colonel Prince ordered this man to be shot, entreated that he might be reserved to be dealt with *according to the laws of the country;* but Colonel Prince's reply was, "*D—n the rascal, shoot him!*" and it was done!! When Colonel Prince reached Windsor, he was informed that Stephen Miller, one of the Patriots, was lying wounded at the house of Mr. William Johnston. The man, whose leg had been shattered by a musket-ball, had been found by Francois Baby, Esq. Colonel Prince gave the orders for his execution, and *he was dragged out of the house and shot.* The wounded man said he was thirty-five years old, owned a farm in the town of Florence, Huron county, State of Ohio, and he had a wife, and a boy about twelve years old; he talked about his wife and son, and wished that his wife might be written to. Soon after this a party of militia-men dragged him out of the house, and shot him. Miller was wounded between seven and eight in the morning, and was shot at noon: the action was over about eight o'clock. Miller *lay unburied all night in the street, and was completely disembowelled, and other parts of him eaten by the hogs!* Captain Broderick, of the regulars, left a prisoner in charge of a dragoon. Prince fell in with this prisoner, *ordered him to be taken from his guard and shot, which was done!* A party of Indians who were sent into the woods, took seven prisoners. When they brought them out a cry was raised, "*bayonet them!*" but Martin, one of the Indian braves, replied,

"No, *we are Christians! we will not murder them!*" But when these men were delivered to Colonel Prince, he had them placed in a wagon, and when it reached an open spot opposite the barracks, *he commanded them to be taken out and shot!* On this, Mr. James cried, "For God's sake, do not let a white man murder those whom an Indian spared!"

These affidavits exhibit the truth of the above statements concerning the atrocities of Windsor

UPPER CANADA, WESTERN DISTRICT, *To wit:* } The deposition of William Johnson, of Windsor, township of Sandwich, said District, common school teacher, taken on oath before us, Robert Mercer, Esq., and James Dougall, Esq., two of Her Majesty's Justices of the Peace of said District, this 22nd of January, 1839

This deponent saith, that, on the fourth of December, 1838, the day of the battle of Windsor, after the action, between seven and eight o'clock, he saw a man lying wounded in the orchard of Francis Baby, Esq., of Windsor. The wounded man was afterward carried and laid down in this deponent's house, by order of the said Francis Baby. The man was shot through the leg immediately below the knee; it was a wretched looking wound, and bled very much. Some person dressed the wound and bandaged it to stop the bleeding, which operation this deponent witnessed. This deponent also felt the man's leg, which was shattered, and he could distinctly hear the bones crack. While the man was lying in deponent's house, a person came in and told him that he would be shot, that he had not an hour to live, and that he had better say his prayers. The wounded man then informed this deponent that his name was Stephen Miller, that he was thirty-five years old, that he owned a farm in the town of Florence, Huron County, State of Ohio, and that he had a wife and a boy about twelve years old; he talked about his wife and son, and requested deponent to write to his wife, directing as above, near Birmingham post-office. The said Miller also entreated deponent to see Francis Baby, and prevail upon that gentleman to intercede for his life for two or three days, to enable him to see his wife; this deponent accordingly went in search of Mr. Baby but could not find him.

This deponent further states, that a party of militia-men afterward came and dragged the said wounded Miller out of deponent's house, and shot him in the open space fronting the street, about twelve feet from the door of deponent's house. The said Miller was wounded between seven and eight o'clock on the morning of the action aforesaid, and was shot about twelve o'cloek, noon: the said action was over about eight o'clock. The said Miller *lay unburied all night in the street and was completely disembowelled, and other parts of him eaten by the hogs!!*

WILLIAM JOHNSON.

WESTERN DISTRICT, *To wit:* } The deposition of John Gowan, of the town of Sandwich, in said District, gentleman, taken on oath &c., &c.

This deponent has read the foregoing affidavit of William Johnson, respecting the shooting of the prisoner Stephen Miller, taken and wounded at the action of Windsor, the fourth of December, 1838, that this deponent was near Colonel Prince who commanded our militia on that day, when the report was brought to Colonel Prince that the said Miller was lying wounded in the house of the said Johnson; this deponent *heard Colonel Prince give the order to shoot the said prisoner*, Stephen Miller, which was done accordingly.

This deponent further states, that he saw on the following day the remains of said Miller, lying in the street disembowelled, and shockingly mutilated by the hogs.

JOHN COWAN.

WESTERN DISTRICT, *To wit:* } I, Charles E. Anderson, of Sandwich, gentleman, do hereby swear that I have read the foregoing affidavit of William Johnson, of Windsor, said District, respecting the shooting of Stephen Miller, a wounded prisoner at Windsor, and *I do swear that Colonel Prince did give the order to shoot* the said Stephen Miller, which was done accordingly. It was I who reported the circumstance to Colonel Prince, and stated to him at the same time that the said Miller was wounded.

CHARLES E. ANDERSON.

NOTE TENTH.

JANUARY 4, 1839.—This morning, Christopher Buckley, of Onondaga county; Sylvester A. Lawton, of Hounsfield, Jefferson county; Russell Phelps, of Watertown; and Duncan Anderston, of Pamelia, New-York, Prescott prisoners, gallant and generous men, were escorted by the hireling soldiers of England from Fort Henry to the front of the Court House, Kingston, Upper Canada, and butchered in cold-blood, in the midst of the Canada snows. They were hung two at a time, Colonel Dundas and his officers enjoying the scene. In the evening, there was a ball and great rejoicings. These men had no trial, according to the laws of Canada. Arthur selected some twelve or fifteen of his creatures, militia officers, bade them try, and sentence the Americans, and they did so, without judge or jury. When will these horrid murders be avenged?

The following is the sentence that was passed upon them:

"*That you and each of you be taken to the jail from whence you came, and that on the 4th day of the present month, of January, you and each of you, be drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution, and that you be there* HANGED *by the neck until you are dead: and may God have mercy on your souls.*"

We were on Saturday last called upon by old Mr. Lawton, of Lyme—the bereaved, sorrow-stricken father of Sylvester A. Lawton—one of the ill-fated prisoners who were executed at Kingston, (as our readers will recollect,) on the 4th of January last. The old gentleman showed us two letters, written by his son, the day before his execution, of very similar purport—one of which, in compliance with his request, we publish below:

"KINGSTON, FORT HENRY, January 3, 1839.

"DEAR PARENTS:

"I now take my pen to write you a few lines, for the last time. Before these few lines will reach you, I shall be no more; but I do earnestly beg and beseech of you not to mourn for me; but to feel willing to submit to the hand of God and rejoice with me, for I feel a perfect resignation to my fate, and feel willing to leave

you all in the hand of God, for he is able to comfort you. Oh, dear father and mother, do not repine nor murmur, but feel perfectly willing that I should leave this world of sin and wo, and go home to Jesus. Oh, that you could feel to rejoice with me, to think that my soul is so near the portals of eternal glory. I shall soon leave this world behind me, with all its alluring vanities. I feel to exclaim with the Apostle Paul: 'Oh! Death, where is thy sting? Oh! Grave, where is thy victory?'

"I have selected the 16th chapter of Proverbs, and 25th verse, (I think,) for my funeral discourse—which is this: 'There is a way that seemeth right unto a man, but the end thereof are the ways of death.' I should like, if convenient, to have it preached at the school-house at Chaumont, by Mr. Whitman, of Indian Ridge. I also want him to read the 51st Psalm, for it has been my prayer to God. I hope that my death will be a warning to all Americans, to shun not only evil, but every appearance of evil. Tell Mr. Chapman to impress upon the minds of all, the unreasonableness of interfering with the affairs of the people of Canada. The people here feel for the prisoners. I have received much kindness, and better treatment from the officers of this place than I had reason to expect. The honorable high sheriff has done his duty as an officer of the government to which he belongs—and has treated us with feelings of humanity and kindness, for which he deserves the thanks of every prisoner, and also of their friends.

"Give my love to all the people of that vicinity. Tell them that I remember them in my prayers, and hope to meet them in glory. * * * *

"Dear parents, I send you my love, and a long farewell, hoping to meet you in heaven, where there will be no more separation.

"Your most loving and

"Affectionate son, till death,

"SYLVESTER A. LAWTON"

NOTE ELEVENTH.

The following documents place sir George Arthur in no very enviable light before a Christian and mercy-loving people. His speech to his parliament is sufficient to condemn him in the eyes of all honest men.

From the Upper Canada Gazette, Toronto, February 27, 1839

SIR GEORGE ARTHUR'S SPEECH TO HIS PARLIAMENT.

Honorable Gentlemen of the Legislative Council: and, Gentlemen of the House of Assembly:

The internal tranquillity of the Province, and the present security of its frontier, enable me, after a recess of unusual length, to meet you in Provincial Parliament. The postponement of the pressent Session has been induced by the pressing and paramount duties, in which many of you have been engaged, connected with the public defence, and the administration of justice. But we have now an opportunity to turn our attention to devising measures for the peace, welfare, and good government of the colony, free from the paralyzing suspicion of internal treachery, or the exasperating influence of foreign aggressions; and upon this happy result of the zeal, constancy and bravery, of the loyal Upper Canadian people, under the most trying circumstances, I offer you my hearty congratulations.

The situation of the Province is so novel and peculiar, that I feel called upon to exceed the ordinary limits of a speech at the opening of Parliament, in order to review recent occurrences, and to trace effects to their causes, as a guide to present and future legislation.

England, at peace with all the world, and relying implicitly, not only on the loyalty of her North American subjects, but on the faith of treaties, and the existence of most friendly relations with the United States, had gradually withdrawn most of her troops from this Continent.

Encouraged by this absence of military power, the discontented in Lower Canada, after a long and vexatious parliamentary opposition, and an obstinate rejection of every conciliatory effort on the part of the government, at last broke out into open rebellion; and incited by their example, the disaffected in this province, *confidentially relying on assistance from the neighboring frontier*, and secure, in the event of failure, of finding an asylum there, made a sudden attempt to overthrow this Government, and to sever the Canadas from the Parent State.

The hopes of the disaffected in both provinces, however, met with signal disappointment; and in Upper Canada particularly, the militia were found, not only equal to the immediate suppression of insurrection, but a portion of its force from the Eastern District, was enabled to march into Lower Canada, to assist in overawing the disposition to revolt which still existed there.

Such would have been the end of rebellion in Upper Canada, had not the disaffection, which grew originally out of the hope of Foreign interference, continued to receive life and support from the same source. The repose gained was of short continuance, for no sooner had some of the leading traitors escaped across the boundary, than they associated themselves with a number of the border population—*robbed the public arsenals there*—and made several audacious, *but signally unsuccessful* attempts, to invade and make a lodgment on British territory.

The authorities of the United States, having had ample time to suppress these outrages, our militia were gradually withdrawn from the frontier, and were in the course of being disbanded, when it was discovered that *a body of foreigners and traitors had secretly introduced themselves* into the province, from the States of New York and Michigan. Some of their emissaries were dispatched into the London District, while others hoped successfully to raise the standard of rebellion in the Niagara District; but the attempt was suppressed in the bud—the militia of the surrounding country at once rushed to arms, and captured such of the banditti as did not succeed in making good their flight to the American shore.

The wanton and violent destruction of a British steamboat within American waters, by a gang of ruffians from the main-land of the United States, previously showed that the feeling of hostility had not abated on the frontier; and circumstances attended that outrage which indicated that it proceeded from an organized body of enemies. ☞ This suspicion was immediately afterward strengthened by information, taken upon oath, detailing the secret signs, organization and intentions, of the society of Patriot Hunters; and the confessions and declarations of the captive foreigners and traitors, who were taken in the Niagara District, corroborated this intelligence.

But notwithstanding the reasons I had for placing confidence in this information—☞the secrecy observed by the conspirators—the extreme wickedness and rashness of the proposed measure—THE SILENCE OF THE FRONTIER PRESS, BEFORE SO CLAMOROUS—☜—and the quiet of the frontier towns, at one time so agitated—were well calculated to cause the numbers and resources of the conspirators to be underrated, and to induce a belief that the presumptuous project of invading Canada would not be attempted.

After a short while, however, further proof was given that a conspiracy was actually organized, and that the combination extended along the whole line of the frontier, from east to west. I thought, however, that the accounts brought to me must be exaggerated: and that the parties named as being accomplices, could never have so far compromised their characters, as to have countenanced such a scheme; and though silently proceeding to make some essential preparations for defence, I still did not entirely rely upon the statements which were at that time made to the Government.

But as the information I continued to receive became more minute, and proceeded from various quarters, I could no longer doubt that the confederacy comprised a body of MANY THOUSAND PERSONS, whose numbers and resources were daily increasing; and what constituted the most revolting and alarming feature of this odious transaction was, the positive declaration, that many persons of wealth, and NOT A FEW PUBLIC FUNCTIONARIES in the frontier cities and towns, had intimately connected themselves with THIS CRIMINAL ALLIANCE.

As the crisis drew nearer, strangers, without ostensible business, and under various pretences, were discovered to be scattered through the Province. It was ascertained that constant intercourse was kept up between THE LODGES OF CONSPIRATORS IN THE UNITED STATES, and their adherents in Canada. The hopes of the disaffected appeared suddenly to revive. The intelligence from various quarters conveyed to this Government became more definite, showing the immediate intention of the enemy to be THE DESTRUCTION OF THE BRITISH STEAMBOATS, and the seizing by surprise and simultaneously, several posts within the Canadian boundaries, where the disloyal might rally around the invaders assembled in arms, and procure reënforcements and supplies from the United States, without the risk of any collision with the American Authorities. An insurrection in the Lower Province was to be the signal for hostilities all along the line.

Under these circumstances, I took decisive measures to give immediate confidence to the country, and to insure the security of the Province: and in now meeting you, although I deeply deplore that her Majesty's faithful subjects have been exposed to the greatest privations and hardships, and to the severest domestic injuries, I nevertheless enjoy the satisfaction of believing, that owing to our state of preparation at every point, the loss of valuable lives has been limited, THE MORAL CHARACTER of the people of Upper Canada strikingly exhibited, and a spirit roused throughout the Province, that will long survive passing events, and greatly tend to the future strength, security, and tranquillity of the country.

After all the preparations that were so many months in progress, and after the expenditure of such large sums of money, voluntarily contributed, as are generally given reluctantly even for national objects, the conspirators and revolutionists were SO ENTIRELY OVERAWED as to have limited their operations to one attack upon our frontier, near Prescott, and to another in the vicinity of Sandwich. ☞ Not a subject of her Majesty joined them after their landing; ☜ in both attempts they were signally defeated—and the result was the destruction or capture of nearly the whole of THE BANDITTI.

In alluding to these events, it is impossible for me to praise too highly the gallantry of the militia, the fidelity and prompt services of THE INDIAN WARRIORS, and the patriotism of a vast majority of the inhabitants of this Province, who have conspicuously vied with each other in the manifestation of a devoted attachment to our MOST GRACIOUS Sovereign—of an ENTHUSIASTIC affection for their country—and of deep regard for their revered Constitution.

Our great security against the dangers resulting from a combination between the

disaffected in the Province, and their confederates among the population of the contiguous country, consists in ☞ OUR HAPPY UNION ☜ with the British Empire. The main foundation of the hopes of discontented persons in this province, and of their foreign supporters, has been a mischievous notion industriously propagated, that England would desert her transatlantic possessions in their hour of difficulty and danger—that whenever the machinations of internal traitors, or threats of external hostility, might render the protection of these colonies burthensome, the assistance of the mother country would be withdrawn, and their loyal inhabitants left alone to support a most unequal conflict. This false and pernicious opinion has given encouragement to treason—influenced the conduct of the wavering—excited the apprehensions of the timid—and even put to a severe test the constancy of the loyal and resolute. ☞ IT HAS TURNED THE TIDE OF IMMIGRATION FROM OUR SHORES—transferred the overflowings of British capital into other channels—impaired public credit—depreciated the value of every description of property—and in a word, has been the prolific source of almost all our public calamities. ☜

Recent events, however, have clearly demonstrated that the fidelity of the mass of the people of this province is not to be shaken by the severest trials. Experience has also proved, that under all circumstances you may confidently rely on ☞ the fostering care ☜ of the British Empire; and I have been directed by her Majesty to convey to you the most positive assurances of HER CONTINUED PROTECTION and support.

At the same time, I do not wish to inspire you with a belief, which I am very far from entertaining, that ☞ the dangers with which we have been threatened are at an end. ☜ The hopes of our enemies have certainly been greatly humbled, and their schemes disconcerted, by the failure of their repeated attempts to seduce the Queen's subjects from their allegiance, and thus to overrun the country; but all the motives in which these attempts originated—THE LOVE OF PLUNDER—an avidity to seize our fertile lands, and AN IMPATIENT DESIRE TO EXTEND REPUBLICAN INSTITUTIONS, continue to operate with unabated force, while unhappily new and deeper impressions have since been superadded. That men agitated by such feelings will remain quiet, longer than they are constrained by fear, is not to be expected; and while I most sincerely desire reconciliation, and conjure you to promote it by every honorable means, I do not hesitate to assert, on the sure ground of experience, that UPON OUR OWN ABILITY TO REPEL AND PUNISH HOSTILE AGGRESSION, WE MUST HENCEFORTH CHIEFLY DEPEND. Among the considerations arising from this impression, I deem it advisable to invite your early and serious attention to such amendments in our militia laws, as shall place this force upon the best possible footing—efficient, but NOT BURTHENSOME, either to the government, or to the people.

One of my principal and most arduous duties has been the disposal of the NUMEROUS CRIMINALS who have fallen into the hands of justice. With respect to such of the Queen's subjects as were concerned in the civil commotions during last winter, her Majesty's Government have uniformly desired ☞ *merciful administration* ☜ of the law. In the punishment of the invaders of the province, I have acted upon the same principle, and have anxiously endeavored to confine capital punishment within the narrowest limits, which a due regard to the public welfare and security would admit. But the reiteration of unprovoked injuries, called for increased firmness in the administration of justice, and forced upon me the painful necessity of making some severe examples.

The case of her Majesty's subjects who have suffered in their persons or property, claims your early attention. The wanton destruction of the steamboat *Sir Robert*

Peel—the pillage of the farms on Pointe au Pele Island, and the river St. Clair—the robberies at the Short Hills—the damage done at Prescott and Sandwich, with the burning of the *Thames* steamer, form together an aggregate of extensive loss, most serious to the sufferers, and have occasioned earnest application for relief.

It gives me the greatest pleasure to inform you, that her Majesty has been most graciously pleased to extend to the wounded officers, non-commissioned officers and men, of the Provincial militia, in arms since the insurrection last winter, the same liberal provision as is granted to her Majesty's regular land and naval forces: and to make a similar beneficent provision for the widows of those officers in the Provincial corpse, who may have fallen in action.

* * * * * * * * * * * * *

I HAVE, to a limited extent, EXERCISED THE POWER vested in me by the suspension of the *Habeas Corpus* Act. In doing so, I have proceeded with the greatest caution, and with a sincere desire, that no restraint might be imposed on personal liberty, which the public safety did not imperatively demand.

The progress which this beautiful country seems destined to make in population and wealth, HAS BEEN MATERIALLY OBSTRUCTED by the difficulties and dangers with which it has, for some time past, been surrounded.

By THE GOODNESS OF AN OVER-RULING PROVIDENCE, those dangers have, however, in a great degree been averted: and I humbly hope that THE SAME ALMIGHTY ARM, WHICH HAS HITHERTO PROTECTED US, will soon place Upper Canada in such a state of tranquillity and security, as will permit the full development of her vast natural resources.

To accelerate the arrival of that period, and in cordial conjunction with you to promote, by wise and salutary legislation, the prosperity and happiness of this interesting colony, will be the object of my earnest desire, and unceasing exertions.

"Buffalo, Nov. 1843.

"My Dear Sir:

"I desire to assure you, that I fully corroborate all you say in the manuscripts you read to me, relative to the Government and Island of Van Dieman's Land, where I resided for twelve years. I was very perfectly acquainted with the administration of Colonel George Arthur, and himself, particularly. During ——— governorship of thirteen years in Van Dieman's Land, he signed the death-warrants of *fifteen hundred* and *eight* persons, only *eight* of whom, were saved from the guillotine by being sent to a penal settlement, and doomed to a life of toil in irons, far worse than death. I have seen nine hanging on the same scaffold, at the same time, and fourteen in one week. I heard Judge Montague, while on the bench, charging a military jury, and the attorney general, E. McDowal, while pleading for the crown, say: 'That any number of witnesses like these,' (such as were then giving testimony,) 'could be procured for a *bottle of rum* and *half a crown* each, to bring home to any person in the colony, any crime that might be laid to his charge.' I also saw natives executed after having undergone a mock trial, without the least consciousness of what would be the result of what was going on. * * * *

"I have the honor to be,

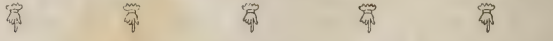
"My dear sir, your obedient servant,

"JESSE MORRELL."

This letter was addressed to Mr. Benjamin Wait, whose heroic wife shortened our captivity.

The succeeding extract speaks in volumes of the tyranny which Arthur invented to torture the convicts and prisoners of Van Dieman's Land. No wonder that his cannibalish appetite was dissatisfied with a governorship in North America.

From a Review of the British House of Commons' Report, in the London Spectator, Aug. 25.



"The punishments of convicts for crimes committed in the penal colonies are horrible. In 1834, one thousand persons were employed in the chain-gangs of New South Wales; and in 1837, seven hundred in those of Van Dieman's Land. Governor Arthur said that this just punishment was 'as severe a one as could be inflicted on man;' and it is well known that Sir George is apt to believe that 'man' can endure a good deal.

"They are locked up from sunset to sunrise in the caravans or boxes used for this description of persons, which hold from twenty to twenty-eight men, but in which the whole number can neither stand upright nor sit down at the same time, (except with their legs at right-angles to their bodies,) and which, in some instances, do not allow more than eighteen inches in width for each individual to lie down upon on the bare boards. They are kept to work under a strict military guard during the day, and liable to suffer flagellation for trifling offences, such as an exhibition of obstinacy, insolence, and the like. Being in chains, discipline is more easily preserved among them, and escape more easily prevented than among the road parties out of chains.

"The soldiers employed to guard these chain-gangs frequently find their own friends and relations among them, and themselves become drunken and vicious in the extreme.

For crimes of the greatest magnitude, not punishable by death, convicts are transported to Norfolk Island, Moreton Bay, and Port Arthur. Port Arthur is on a small and barren peninsula, connected with Van Dieman's Land by a narrow strip of land. Norfolk Island is a beautiful volcanic island, about one thousand miles from the eastern shores of Australia, and, except in one place, inaccessible to boats. This lovely spot has been converted into a perfect hell. The condition of the convicts is one of unmitigated wretchedness. To escape from it, men have chopped off the heads of their fellow-prisoners with hoes, knowing that they should be immediately sent to Sydney, to be tried and hanged! Attempts at mutiny have not been uncommon at Norfolk Island. In 1834, the mutineers took possession of the Island, and killed some of the guard; they were subsequently overpowered, and eleven were executed. To Judge Barton, who tried them, one of these men observed, in a manner which the Judge said 'drew tears from his eyes and wrung his heart:'

"'Let a man be what he will when he comes here, he is soon as bad as the rest: a man's heart is taken from him, and there is given to him the *heart of a beast.*'

"At Port Arthur, men commit murder, "in order to enjoy the *excitement* of being sent up to Hobart-town" to be tried and executed. Macquarrie Harbor (now abandoned,) was a penal settlement of Van Dieman's Land, of the same description as Norfolk Island and Port Arthur; and an account is given of the fate of the convicts who attempted to escape from it, between the 3rd of January, 1822, and the 16th of May, 1827. Of one hundred and sixteen who absconded, seventy-five perished in the woods; one was hanged for murdering and *eating* his companion; two were shot; eight were murdered, and six *eaten* by their comrades; twenty-four escaped to the settled districts; thirteen were hanged for bush-ranging, and two for murder; making altogether one hundred and one, out of the one hundred and sixteen who came to an untimely end.

"On the whole, the committee think that transportation, though so very unequal and certain a punishment, is more severe than the accounts sent home by settlers and criminals would lead ill-informed persons to suppose. It is a fact, however, that in England transportation is not more dreaded than simple exile, by a large portion of the classes whose habits and crimes render them more likely to experience its realities. It is more feared in the country than in London, where it inspires little apprehension."

The above sketch, slight and faint compared to what is to be found in the report and evidence, will give some idea of the state of the convict population exclusively. Let us now turn to the condition of society generally in the penal colonies of Australia.

"On this head, criminal statistics furnish appalling facts. In Van Dieman's Land, in 1837, the convicts were 18,000, and the free population 28,000; and the number of persons brought before the police amounted to 17,000. One-seventh of the population were fined for drunkenness. In New South Wales, the number of convictions for highway robbery alone exceeds the total number of convictions for all manner of offences in England, taking the difference of population into account. Rapes, murder, and attempts at murder, are as common in New South Wales, as petty larcenies in England.

"In short, in order to give an idea of the amount of crime in New South Wales, let it be supposed that the 17,000 offenders who last year were tried and convicted in this country of various offences, before the several courts of assize and quarter-sessions, had all of them been condemned for capital crimes; that 7,000 of them had been executed, and the remainder transported for life; that, in addition, 70,000 other offenders had been convicted of the minor offences of forgery, sheep-stealing, and the like; then, in proportion to their respective populations, the state of crime and punishment in England and her Australian colonies would have been precisely the same.

"Burglaries and robberies are committed in Sydney in the middle of the day. The drunkenness, idleness, and carelessness of a large portion of the population, and the want of continuity in the buildings affording easy access to the backs of shops and houses, and the means of escaping from the police, give great facilities to plunderers. And even when offenders are taken, they are generally tried by juries composed chiefly of emancipist shop-keepers. The quantity of spirits annually consumed in New South Wales amounts to four gallons a-head. In Sydney, with a free population of sixteen thousand, there were, in 1836, two hundred and nineteen licensed public houses, and an immense number of unlicensed spirit-shops. These tippling places were kept and frequented by the most abandoned wretches.

"The disproportions of the sexes occasions crimes, which, to quote the words of Captain Maconochie, 'make the blood curdle.' Even the young children of respectable setlers have been made the victims of unmentionable atrocities. It is impossible to convey any idea of the horrors which the witnesses before the committee shuddered to disclose:

"All that defies the worst that pen expresses,"

is let loose in Van Dieman's Land.

"And this amount of sin and misery is annually increased by the direct operation of the laws of England, framed forsooth, for the punishment and prevention of crime! The philanthropists, who rail at American slavery, should turn their attention to Van Dieman's Land. The vice and wretchedness produced by negro slavery, are absolutely of small account when contrasted with the atrocities of the transportation system!"

These extracts, taken from papers published in Van Dieman's Land, show how very popular, and in what estimation he was held in by the people of the island—this must be his true character after a twelve years trial.

From the Trumpeter.

Glorious News!—At length the happy intelligence has arrived of the removal of the most unpopular governor that ever ruled a British colony. Yes, reader, Colonel Arthur is ordered home, and *must this time obey* the orders he has received from the Secretary of State!

The downcast looks which formerly accompanied the greetings in the streets have disappeared, and the happy, the glorious intelligence has to all appearances made people ten years younger.

The colonists, to a man, rejoice—a splendid dinner is to be given on Thursday week, to commemorate the happy day on which the glorious news arrived—A GRAND ILLUMINATION will also be held the same evening, and fireworks of all descriptions will be most profusely let off in honor of the occasion.

A public meeting is also to be called, in order to frame a petition to his Majesty, to thank him for his kindness in listening to the prayers of the people—that Colonel Arthur should be recalled!

Colonel Arthur is at last positively recalled—the official notice reached him by the *Elphinstone* prison ship, on Tuesday. His successor is not named.

Never has it fallen to our lot to communicate to our readers such welcome intelligence as they find this day in our first short leader. It is with feelings of joy and sincere thankfulness, that we heard the joyful news brought by the good ship *Elphinstone*, on Tuesday. We will teach our little ones to remember while they live, and to teach their children to know the name of the ship that gladdened the heart of many a desponding parent with the tidings, that the cause of their misery and suffering, *the evil genius of the colony, was at length ordered to repair to the presence of his sovereign, to answer the load of charges preferred against him, by some of the unhappy victims of his oppression during the last twelve years.* This day will indeed be a happy jubilee and rejoicing throughout this island, for to-day will the glad tidings have reached all its inhabitants. We will relate the particulars as we have collected them.

From the True Colonist.

A public meeting will immediately be called to *thank the king*, for having at length had mercy on his poor afflicted subjects in this colony, and to present a *true* address to Colonel Arthur from the colonists. It is proposed to have an illumination on Monday, with a bonfire and fireworks at the Battery Point. He will be wafted from these shores with the sighs, the groans, and the curses of many a broken-hearted parent, and many a destitute child, which owe their misery to the foolish and wicked system of mis-government, by which the colony has been ruined. He found the colony rapidly rising to wealth and respectability—he has left it sunk in debt and misery. He has neglected the *useful* roads, and ruined the agricultural interest—*he was the father of usury*, the patron of hypocrisy, falsehood, and deceit—the protector of perjury—and the rewarder of perjurers. His system, and the example of his Government has destroyed all confidence between man and man, and sapped the very foundation of society and morals. His name will long be remembered with detestation and horror by thousands of the wretched victims of his system.

From a Placard posted in Launcestown.

To-morrow ought to be a day of General Thanksgiving for the deliverance from the iron hand of *Governor Arthur*. We have now a prospect of breathing. *The accursed gang of bloodsuckers will be destroyed.* Boys will be seen no more upon police benches, to insult respectable men. Perjury will cease to be countenanced, and a gang of felons will no longer be permitted to violate the laws of civilized society.

From the Launcestown Advertiser.

Throughout the whole period of his government, the military have been placed in too prominent a position. Licutenants and ensigns, fresh from the frolics of Chatham, have been turned into justices of the peace; and the whole administration of the colony has been pipe-clayed into a service of an amphibious, half-military, half-civil complexion.

From the True Colonist.

It was with feelings of the most sincere satisfaction, we announced in our last number the arrival of the "good ship" Elphinstone, from England, bringing the very gratifying intelligence of the recall of Colonel George Arthur, after an administration of twelve years; during the whole of which long period, the people have been rendered wretched, unhappy, discontented, and miserable, by the misrule of his Government.

Such was the extraordinary demand for Bent's News, of Saturday last, in consequence of the intense anxiety of the people to obtain an account of the recall of Colonel Arthur, that we have, with infinite pleasure, been obliged to print a second edition, and had not the publication of our journal been unusually late, owing to the drunkenness of our printers, occasioned too by the recall of so unpopular a governor, our little, though popular News Register, would have still met with a more extensive sale by many hundreds.

We offer no apology in presenting our readers with the several accounts from every newspaper published on the island—whatever may be their principles, eithe Government or Official—Opposition or Independent—of the recall of Colonel Arthur

From the Colonial Times.

Governor Arthur's Recall!! *Oh! Glorious News!!*—It was with the utmost satisfaction that the inhabitants of Hobart Town welcomed the happy intelligence publicly made known on Wednesday last, that Colonel Arthur is forthwith to be removed from this Government. * * * * * * * * *
A worse British governor never ruled during the present century. * * *

No sooner had the recall of Colonel Arthur become public, than, agreeable to *his system*, his friends were ordered to "*get up an address.*" It mattered not of what nature the address was, but something or other must be done to send to the secretary of state, in order to show how very much he was beloved. At first, a general address was tried, but it proved a total failure! Mrs. Pedder wrote out a very fair one, which Mr. Pedder signed and sent to the colonial treasurer, to go round in his carriage, and get as many signatures to it as he could! Of course, the weight and

influence of the paymaster was sufficient to command the signatures of some, others were in duty bound obliged to sign, having enriched themselves under Colonel Arthur's government. By degrees, it became necessary to confine the address entirely to the Government officers, and after very—very numerous positive refusals to attach names to *such a document*, it made its sorry appearance with the sorry number of *thirty-four!*

The whole colony seems in motion; the smallest township in the interior appears quite animated, and but one feeling alone prevails, and that is delight that the ruler who brought this colony from wealth to poverty, from abundance to famine, is about to depart. Few people care who the successor may be, so that he be an honest man —*a worse governor than Colonel Arthur cannot be, or one that would allow such a ruinous system to prevail!* It is lamentable, however, to think of the fate of those colonists already sacrificed, and Colonel Arthur, were he made to disgorge all his wealth, would make no reparation, worth notice, to the people whom he has rendered almost destitute of food!

NOTE TWELFTH.

Among all the phenomena which occasionally dispel the monotony of a voyage to the Indies, I class the scenery of the setting sun on the tropical ocean, as surpassing, in sublimity and grandeur of imagery, all others. But while teeming in its richness of light and shade, and irresistibly enchaining the eyes and imagination of the traveller by its gorgeous and fantastic changes;—the experienced mariner takes those glimpses of atmospherical pantomime as preludes of danger before the tornadoes and hurricanes, which at periods devastate the tropical regions; and fails not to make speedy preparation for a recurrence of those sudden tempests which they too often betoken. The mariners, leaning over the ship, (says St. Pierre, in his studies of Nature,) admire in silence these aërial landscapes. Sometimes the sublime spectacle presents itself to them at the hour of prayer, and seems to invite them to lift up their hearts and their voices to Heaven. It changes its appearance every instant: what was just now luminous, becomes, in a manner, colored simply; and what is now colored will be, by and by, in the shade. The forms are as impressive as the shades. They are by turns, islands, hamlets, isles clothed with the palm-trees, vast bridges stretching over rivers, fields of gold, amethysts and rubies—or rather something more than all these—they are celestial colors and forms which no pencil can pretend to imitate, and which no language can describe.

NOTE THIRTEENTH.

The following is cut from the "London Gazette," showing the mildness and magnanimity manifested toward American officials:

"The fact is, the whole tribe of officials, from the servile President up to the most ragged of the mob sovereigns, have acted a part of the basest duplicity, and done

everything in their power to succor villainy from retributive justice. With the fairest promises of protection from American invasion, we have again and again been attacked by their hordes of unpunished scoundrels. We have appealed to them in vain—fair words are all we get. We have demanded punishment of the aggressors, but it is left undone. They are protected and cherished. Van Buren has lied for them—Marcy has lied for them—Generals Scott, Worth, and Wool have lied for them—the district attorneys have all lied for them—and the whole host of journalists throughout the broad Union have done nothing but utter falsehood upon falsehood to screen a band of vagabonds, who, not content with violating their own laws, must attempt to trample upon those of a neighboring and friendly country. Richly does the United States deserve the fate of Sodom and Gomorrah, as it has already their abominations.

NOTE FOURTEENTH.

The following lines express beautifully the death of Nattage—and the poet doubtless felt his subject:

DEATH OF AN EXILE.

Thou art gone to the grave, and there 's *none to deplore thee*—
No kindred friends around thy desolate tomb,
No voice but the winds, chant a requiem o'er thee,
No *epitaph points to the Exile's last home!*

Thou art gone to the grave—to thy last earthly pillow;
Thy wrongs, poor forsaken. were known but to thee;
No more art thou tossed on life's troubled billow;
From the cold blasts of sorrow, thy spirit is free.

Thou art gone to the grave, and all silent and lonely,
The star of thy being hath melted away,
And friendship's last tear cannot even bemoan thee,
Unkown, and unwept, thou art gone to decay

Thou art gone to the grave, poor unfortunate stranger,
Thy sorrowing bosom's last sigh had been given;
Thou art gone to the exile's last refuge from danger,
And O, may rich treasures await thee in heaven.

Thrice happy thou art, poor, forsaken, and lone,
If thou wert prepared thy last summons to hear,
While the dust sweetly sleeps in the mouldering tomb,
Thy spirit awakes in a far brighter sphere

Farewell! when the light o'er yon azure ocean,
Shall fade, my vision no more to illume,
Oh! may I but join thy rapt spirit's devotion,
Where glory enriches thy heavenly home

From an Impartial Account of the Civil War in the Canadas, London, 1838.

THE DECLARATION OF THE REFORMERS OF THE CITY OF TORONTO TO THEIR FELLOW-REFORMERS IN UPPER CANADA.

The time has arrived, after nearly half a century's forbearance under increasing and agravated misrule, when the duty we owe our country and posterity requires from us the assertion of our rights and the redress of our wrongs.

Government is founded on the authority and is instituted for the benefit of a people; when, therefore, any government long and systematically ceases to answer the great ends of its foundation, the people have a natural right given them by their Creator to seek after and establish such institutions as will yield the greatest quantity of happiness to the greatest number.

Our forbearance heretofore has only been rewarded with an aggravation of our grievances; and our past inattention to our rights has been ungenerously and unjustly urged as evidence of the surrender of them. We have now to choose on the one hand, between submission to the same blighted policy as hath desolated Ireland, and, on the other hand, the patriotic achievement of cheap, honest, and responsible government.

The right was conceded to the present United States at the close of a successful revolution, to form a constitution for themselves; and the loyalists, with their descendants and others now peopling this portion of America, are entitled to the same liberty without the shedding of blood—more they do not ask; less they ought not to have. But, while the revolution of the former has been rewarded with a consecutive prosperity unexampled in the history of the world, the loyal valor of the latter alone remains amid the blight of misgovernment to tell them what they might have been, as the not less valiant sons of American Independence. Sir Francis Head has too truly portrayed our country "as standing in the flourishing continent of North America like a girdled tree with its drooping branches." But the laws of nature do not, and those of man ought no longer to exhibit this invidious and humiliating comparison.

The affairs of this country have been ever, against the spirit of the Constitutional Act, subjected in the most injurious manner to the interferences and interdictions of a succession of colonial ministers in England who have never visited the country, and who can never possibly become acquainted with the state of parties, or the conduct of public functionaries, except through official channels in the province, which are ill calculated to convey information necessary to disclose official delinquencies, and correct public abuses. A painful experience has proved how impracticable it is for such a succession of strangers beneficially to direct and control the affairs of a people four thousand miles off; and being an impracticable system, felt to be intolerable by those whose good it was professedly intended, it ought to be abolished, and the domestic institutions of the province so improved and administered by the local authorities as to render the people happy and contented. The system of baneful domination has been uniformly furthered by a Lieutenant-Governor sent among us as an uninformed, unsympathizing stranger, who, like Sir Francis, has not a single feeling in common with the people, and whose hopes and responsibilities begin and end in Downing-street. And this baneful domination is further cherished by a legislative

council not elected, and, therefore irresponsible to the people for whom they legislate, but appointed by the ever-changing colonial minister for life, from pensioners on the bounty of the crown, official dependents, and needy expectants.

Under this mockery of human government we have been insulted, injured, and reduced to the brink of ruin. The due influence and purity of all our institutions have been utterly destroyed. Our governors are the mere instruments for effecting domination from Downing-street; legislative councillors have been intimidated into executive compliance, as in the case of the late Chief Justice Powell, Mr. Baby, and others; the executive council has been stript of every shadow of responsibility and of every shade of duty; the freedom and purity of elections have lately received, under Sir Francis Head, a final and irretrievable blow; our revenue has been and still is decreasing to such an extent, as to render heavy additional taxation indispensable for the payment of the interest of our public debt, incurred by a system of improvident and profligate expenditure; our public lands, although a chief source of wealth to a new country, have been sold at a low valuation to speculating companies in London, and resold to the settlers at very advanced rates, the excess being remitted to England, to the serious impoverishment of the country; the ministers of religion have been corrupted by the prostitution of the casual and territorial revenue, to salary and influence them; our clergy reserves, instead of being devoted to the purposes of general education, though so much needed and loudly demanded, have been in part sold, to the amount of upward of three hundred thousand dollars, paid into the military chest, and sent to England; numerous rectories have been established, against the almost unanimous wishes of the people, with certain exclusive ecclesiastical spiritual rights and privileges, according to the established Church of England, to the destruction of equal religious rights; public salaries, pensions, and sinecures, have been augmented in number and amount, notwithstanding the impoverishment of our revenue and country; and the parliament has, under the name of arrearages, paid the retrenchments made in past years by reform parliaments; our judges have, in spite of our condition, been doubled, and wholly selected from the most violent political partisans against our equal civil and religious liberties; and a court of chancery suddenly adopted by a subservient parliament, against the long-cherished expectations of the people against it, and its operation fearfully extended into the past, so as to jeopardize every title and transaction from the beginning of the province to the present time. A law has been passed enabling magistrates, appointed during pleasure, at the representation of a grand jury selected by a sheriff holding office during pleasure, to tax the people at pleasure, without their previous knowledge or consent, upon all their rateable property, to build and support workhouses for the refuge of the paupers invited by Sir Francis from the parishes in Great Britain; thus unjustly and wickedly laying the foundation of a system which must result in taxation, pestilence, and famine. Public loans have been authorized by improvident legislation to nearly eight millions of dollars, the surest way to make the people both poor and dependent; the parliament, subservient to Sir Francis Head's blighting administration, has, by an unconstitutional act, sanctioned by him, prolonged their duration after the demise of the Crown, thereby evading their present responsibility to the people, depriving them of the exercise of their elective franchise on the present occasion, and extending the period of their unjust, unconstitutional and ruinous legislation with Sir Francis Head; our best and most worthy citizens have been dismissed from the bench of justice, from the militia and other stations of honor and usefulness, for exercising their rights as freemen and attending public meetings for the regeneration of our condition, as instanced in the cases of Doctor Baldwin, Messrs. Scatchard, Johnson, Small, Ridout, and others; those of our fellow-subjects who go to England to

represent our deplorable condition, are denied a hearing by a partial, unjust, and oppressive government, while the authors and promoters of our wrongs are cordially and graciously received, and enlisted in the cause of our further wrongs and misgovernment; our public revenues are plundered and misapplied without redress, and unavailable securities make up the late defalcation of Mr. P. Robinson, the commissioner of public lands, to the amount of eighty thousand dollars. Interdicts are continually sent by the colonial minister to the governor, and by the governor to the provincial parliament, to restrain and render futile their legislation, which ought to be free and unshackled; these instructions, if favorable to the views and policy of the enemies of our country, are rigidly observed; if favorable to public liberty, they are, as in the case of Earl Ripon's dispatch, utterly contemned, even to the passing of the ever-to-be-remembered and detestable everlasting salary Bill; Lord Glenelg has sanctioned, in the king's name, all the violations of truth and of the constitution by Sir Francis Head, and both thanked and titled him for conduct, which, under any civilized government, would be the ground of impeachment.

The British government, by themselves and through the Legislative council of their appointment, have refused their assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good, among which we may enumerate the intestate estate equal distribution bill; the bill to sell the clergy reserves for educational purposes; the bill to remove the corrupt influence of the executive in the choosing of juries, and to secure a fair, free trial by jury; the several bills to encourage emigration from foreign parts; the bills to secure the independence of the Assembly; the bill to amend the law of libel; the bill to appoint commissioners to meet others appointed by Lower Canada, to treat on matters of trade and other matters of deep interest; the bills to extend the blessings of education to the humbler classes in every township, and to appropriate annually a sum of money for the purpose; the bill to dispose of the school lands in aid of education; several bills for the improvement of the highways; the bill to secure independence to voters, by establishing the vote by ballot; the bill for the better regulation of elections of members of the Assembly, and to provide that they be held at places convenient for the people; the bills for the relief of Quakers, Menonists and Tunkers; the bill to amend the present odnoxious court of request laws, by allowing the people to choose the commissioners, and to have a trial by jury if desired; with other bills to improve the administration of justice and diminish unnecessary costs; the bill to amend the charter of King's College University, so as to remove its partial and arbitrary system of government and education; and the bill to allow free competition in banking.

The king of England has forbidden his governors to pass laws of immediate and pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his assent should be obtained; and when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them. He has interfered with the freedom of elections, and appointed elections to be held at places dangerous, inconvenient, and unsafe for the people to asemble at, for the purpose of fatiguing them into his measures, through the agency of pretended representatives; and has, through his Legislative Council, prevented provision being made for quiet and peaceable elections, as in the case of the late returns at Beverly.

He has dissolved the late House of Assembly, for opposing with manly firmness Sir Francis Head's invasion on the rights of the people to a wholesome control over the revenue, and for insisting that the persons conducting the government should be responsible for their official conduct to the country, through its representatives.

He has endeavored to prevent the peopling of this province and its advancement in wealth; for that purpose obstructing the laws for the naturalization of foreigners, refusing to pass others to encourage their migration hither, and raising the conditions

of new appropriations of the public lands, large tracts of which he has bestowed upon unworthy persons, his favorites, while deserving settlers from Germany, and other countries, have been used cruelly.

He has rendered the administration of Justice liable to suspicion and distrust, by obstructing laws for establishing a fair trial by Jury; by refusing to exclude the chief criminal judge from interfering in political business, and by selecting as the judiciary violent and notorious partisans of his arbitrary power.

He has sent a standing army into the sister Province, to coerce them to his unlawful and unconstitutional measures, in open violation of their rights and liberties, and has received with marks of high approbation military officers who interfered with the citizens of Montreal, in the midst of an election of their representatives, and brought the troops to coerce them, who shot several persons dead wantonly, in the public streets.

Considering the great number of lucrative appointments held by strangers to the country, whose chief merit appears to be their subserviency to any and every administration, we may say with our brother colonists of old: "He has sent hither swarms of new officers to harass our people and eat out their substance."

The English Parliament have interfered with our internal affairs and regulations, by the passage of grievous and tyrannical enactments, for taxing us heavily without our consent, for prohibiting us to purchase many articles of the first importance at the cheapest European or American markets, and compelling us to buy such goods and merchandise at an exorbitant price, in markets of which England has a monopoly.

They have passed resolutions for our coercion, of a character so cruel and arbitrary, that Lord Chancellor Brougham has recorded on the Journals of the House of Peers, that "they set all considerations of sound policy, of generosity, and of justice at defiance," are wholly subversive of "the fundamental principle of the British Constitution, that no part of the taxes levied on the people shall be applied to any purpose whatever, without the consent of the representatives in Parliament," and that the Canadian "precedent of 1837, will ever after be cited in the support of such oppressive proceedings, as often as the Commons of any Colony may withhold supplies, how justifiable soever their refusal may be;" and (adds his lordship) "those proceedings, so closely resembling the fatal measures that severed the United States from Great Britain, have their origin in principles, and derive their support from reasonings, which form a prodigious contrast to the whole grounds, and the only defence, of the policy during latter years, and so justly and so wisely sanctioned by the Imperial Parliament, in administering the affairs of the mother country. Nor is it easy to imagine that the inhabitants of either the American or the European branches of the empire should contemplate so strange a contrast, without drawing inferences therefrom discreditable to the character of the legislature, and injurious to the future safety of the state, when they mark with what different measures we mete to six hundred thousand inhabitants of a remote Province, unrepresented in Parliament, and to six millions of our fellow citizens nearer home, and making themselves heard by their representatives, the reflection will assuredly arise in Canada, and may possibly find its way into Ireland, that the sacred rules of justice, the most worthy feelings of national generosity, and the soundest principles of enlightened policy, may be appealed to in vain, if the demands of the suitor be not also supported by personal interests, and party views, and political fears, among those whose aid he seeks; while all men perceiving that many persons have found themselves at liberty to hold a course toward an important but remote province, which their constituents never would suffer to be pursued toward the most inconsiderable burgh of the United Kingdom, an impression will inevitably be propagated most

dangerous to the maintenance of colonial dominion, that the people can never safely intrust the powers of Government to any supreme authority not residing among themselves."

In every stage of these proceedings, we have petitioned for redress in the most humble terms: our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injuries.

Nor have we been wanting in attention to our British brethren. We have warned them from time to time of attempts by their legislature to extend an unwarrantable jurisdiction over us. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration and settlement here, we have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity, and we have conjured them, by the ties of our common kindred, to disavow these usurpations which would inevitably interrupt our connection and correspondence. They too have been deaf to the voice of justice and consanguinity.

We, therefore, the Reformers of the City of Toronto, sympathizing with our fellow-citizens here and throughout the North American Colonies, who desire to obtain cheap, honest, and responsible government, the want of which has been the source of all their past grievances, as its continuance would lead to their utter ruin and desolation, are of opinion,

1. That the warmest thanks and admiration are due from the Reformers of Upper Canada to the honorable Louis Joseph Papineau, Esq., Speaker of the House of Assembly of Lower Canada, and his compatriots in and out of the Legislature, for their past uniform, manly, and noble independence, in favor of civil and religious liberty; and for their present devoted, honorable and patriotic opposition to the attempt of the British Government to violate their constitution without their consent, subvert the powers and privileges of their local parliament, and overawe them by coercive measures into a disgraceful abandonment of their just and reasonable wishes.

2. And that the Reformers of Upper Canada are called upon by every tie of feeling, interest, and duty, to make common cause with their fellow-citizens of Lower Canada, whose successful coercion would doubtless be in time visited upon us, and the redress of whose grievances would be the best guarantee for the redress of our own.

To render this coöperation the more effectual, we earnestly recommend to our fellow citizens that they exert themselves to organize political associations; that public meetings be held throughout the province; and that a convention of delegates be elected, and assembled at Toronto, to take into consideration the political condition of Upper Canada, with authority to its members to appoint commissioners to meet others to be named on behalf of Lower Canada and any of the other colonies, armed with suitable powers as a Congress, to seek an effectual remedy for the grievances of the colonies.

T. D. MORRISON, *Chairman of Committee.*

JOHN ELLIOT, *Secretary.*

Committee.

David Gibson,	John Edward Tims,
John Mackintosh,	James H. Price,
William J. O'Grady,	John Doel,
Edward Wright,	M. Reynolds,
Robert McKay,	James Armstrong,
Thomas Elliott,	James Hunter,
E. B. Gilbert,	John Armstrong,
John Montgomery,	William Ketchum,

William L. Mackenzie.

The kindness of heart which the venerable Thomas O'Connor has exhibited in the following address to the humane, on behalf of suffering innocence in Canada, is worthy of an Irish patriot and sufferer for liberty in the memorable 1798. We hope it will be responded to. It is also pleasing to see the excellent Dr. M'Nevin among the foremost friends of the injured Canadians. These great and good men have not forgotten their own and their friends' sufferings forty years ago, in the like cause against the same oppressor. Had the race who witnessed the revolution of 1776 not passed away, the patriots of the north would not now be looked on by the authorities of Washington and New-York with a distrust and suspicion which outvies the hatred of their British tyrants:

TO THE HUMANE.

An effort has been made in Canada to introduce into that country an altered form of government; the people resolved to shake off their colonial character, and have aspired to the rank of a nation. As not unfrequent in such cases, the early efforts have been disastrous. Inexperienced, imperfectly organized, imperfectly armed, and cut off from reinforcements, victory to the patriots was nearly impossible. The chivalrous band which dared to oppose itself to a disciplined enemy of more than three times its number, possessing still greater advantage in the materiel of war, must, whether we approve or disapprove its motive, command the admiration due to intrepid valor. If history prove faithful, justice will be done by posterity to the memory of these avaunt asserters of liberty, the forlorn-hope of a people resolved to be free. An investigation of the prudence or imprudence of the outbreak in Canada, belongs solely to the Canadians themselves. The consideration whether, if successful, it would produce good or evil, is exclusively their province. There is but one point, in which it can be legitimately viewed by those not immediately involved in the consequences: the people of Canada had a right to assume self-government, whenever they deemed themselves capable to exercise and maintain it. With their calculations or miscalculations, others have no proper concern. A denial of this principle would be a virtual arraignment of the motives of Washington, Franklin, Hancock, Jefferson, Lafayette, Montgomery, Jackson, and other sages, soldiers, and statesmen of the American revolution; it would be a strewment of the graves of the dead with contumely and reproach, a direction of the finger of contempt and scorn toward the few survivors of the immortal band who yet linger in a land they saved by their labor, and moistened by their blood.

The patriots have been defeated. Fire, sword, and pillage, have marked the track of an unsparing conqueror; the families of the captured, the wounded, and the slain, many of the wounded themselves, and others whose habitations lay in the path of the vanquished, and were plundered and destroyed, have sought refuge within the United States. In a northern climate, in the commencement of winter, they are without house or home, except such as sympathizing hospitality tenders; without food or clothing, except the little of the latter which they snatched away from the grasp of the robber. Neutrality may be an incumbent duty, but it has its limits; it interferes not with the good offices of humanity, it blunts not the heart, it forbids not the extension of our charities. To relieve the poor and the distressed is a holy work, which no human power has a right to control. As one of a committee appointed to seek relief for the suffering Canadians, I will gladly receive, personally, or through the post-office, any contributions that may be offered through me, and will place it

in the proper channel of transmisssion. I am unable to undergo the exertion of much walking, owing to my advanced age, and must offer this as my apology for not waiting on all those from whom I would expect the much needed aid. This cause compels me to resort to the present mode of application.

THOMAS O'CONNOR, No. 1, St Marks Place

New-York, December 7th, 1838.

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Author Wright, Stephen S. A.R C.XIV

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